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The Outlook

MAY 23, 1923

INTERNATIONAL GOLF

GREAT BRITAIN, the mother of golf, still holds the amateur championship of that extraordinary popular sport. Perhaps some purists who insist that the primitive origin of the game was in Holland might prefer to call Great Britain the stepmother of golf. However that may be, the game, its nomenclature, its rules, and its final arbiters, are almost wholly Scotch. Golf has been played in Scotland for nearly five hundred years. It naturally spread into England, where, however, it has become really popular only during the last fifty years.

Thirty-five years ago it was literally unknown in the United States. But to-day there are probably two or three times as many golf clubs and golf players in the United States as in all of the rest of the world combined. Nevertheless the amateur golf champion of Great Britain is universally regarded as the amateur golf champion of the world. The honor, although more than once contended for by Americans, has been held only once by an American, Walter J. Travis.

This spring a team of American amateurs, including Sweetser, our present amateur champion, and Ouimet, a former champion, visited England with the determination of repeating Travis's victory. In the team were included a Californian and a Texan. The contest took place at Deal, on the southeast coast of England, near the historic cathedral city of Canterbury. The American golfers raised great hopes among their followers by capturing the St. George's Vase, a famous golf trophy, at Sandwich, a week before the championship games. Sandwich has terrors for the golfer which cannot be paralleled even at St. Andrews or Prestwick, and if America could win at Sandwich a good many enthusiasts were optimists enough to believe that Deal would be "easy fruit." But that did not prove to be the case by a good deal. Sweetser fell early in the fray. Ouimet lasted until the semi-finals, where he was put out by Roger Wethered, a young Oxonian, who ultimately won the championship. But during the week's play the British sometimes trembled in their shoes, and to make a British golfer tremble is in itself an achievement. Nervous and muscular stamina are primary essentials in a week of steady daily championship play. And the British are still deservedly famous for their dogged stamina. "Up, guards, and at them!" is a good fighting slogan, but never to know you're beaten is a good fighting state of mind.

JUDGE LINDSEY'S TRIUMPH

JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY, head of Denver's famous Juvenile Court, has won his long fight for child legislation and secured for the State of Colorado what its advocates consider the most advanced children's code in the world.

The story of the long fight of the famous "Children's Judge" to secure adequate laws for the judicial handling of the problems of childhood as they relate to the State is one of the most remarkable in the annals of American reform. It began over twenty years ago, and has been an unending battle until the present hour. Woven into that fight is the personality and career of Theodore Roosevelt, always the stanch friend of the Denver Judge and a profound sympathizer with his purpose.

Year after year saw Judge Lindsey thwarted in his attempt to get through the laws he desired. One Legislature after another defeated them or killed them in committee. When the last General Assembly met, both political parties had at last indorsed his laws in their platforms. The Legislature was Republican, and in Governor Sweet Colorado has a progressive Democrat of broad, humanitarian ideas.

The Legislature of 1923 adopted four bills drawn by Judge Lindsey. Two of these bills raise the age of delinquency and dependency from sixteen to eighteen—in other words, extend the right of the State in its Chancery Court capacity to help children up to eighteen instead of to sixteen, as originally permitted by the law in 1899. Of the other two bills one is known as the Maternity Law. It is an amendment to the bill relating to the dependency of children and extends the provisions of the former act, popularly known as the Mothers' Compensation Law, to unborn children; that is to say, some friend of the child may apply to the Chancellor as if saying: Since a child is about to come into the world, you, Mr. State, may use it as a soldier, if a boy, or as a nurse, if a girl, in case you are imperiled by war, and, since that child's mother is poor or otherwise handicapped, we ask you, Mr. State, to provide the funds necessary to take care of the mother and to provide doctor and other expenses to give that child a decent chance to be born, lest it be imperiled by the danger of death or the death of its mother through her poverty, her sinfulness, or her ignorance. This is, so far as we know, the first law of this kind passed in any State, and credit must go to Colorado for leading in the fight for this principle.

The other bill amends the present act creating the Juvenile Court of Denver so as to restore the jurisdiction given it when it was originally established as a separate court. Judge Lindsey's purpose was that an ideal Children's Court should be one that not only specialized in correcting children as to physical and moral defects, but also *protected* children against all persons—parents or others. This bill gives the special court in Denver, over which Judge Lindsey presides, exclusive jurisdiction in all cases which concern children proper, and coordinate jurisdiction with other courts in criminal cases against adults who violate laws for the protection of children.

Thus it is that Judge Lindsey's ideals are now to be positively and finally achieved, after twenty-five years of service, through a tribunal that specializes in the correction, care, and *protection* of children.

The Legislature provided under this new law that the Court should be called a Family Court, since it embraces practically everything relating to children and to the family and adults who have any relation to children. It becomes, its supporters believe, the first ideal family court in this Union.

ELIOT, TEACHER

THE gold medal bestowed on May 7 by the Civic Forum at New York City's Town Hall on Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University, bore on its reverse the single word "Teacher." These medals are awarded for distinguished public service, and the use of the one word is a significant tribute to the breadth of Dr. Eliot's service to the country through education in the broadest sense of the word; it is not as a specialist, or as an instructor, or as the head of one great university, but as an educational leader of National usefulness that Dr. Eliot receives this token of recognition.

The presentation of the medal was made by Dr. John H. Finley. The recipient was not able to be present in person, but was represented by his grandson, Charles W. Eliot, 2d, who accepted the medal and read a gracious letter of acknowledgment from Dr. Eliot. Mr. Jerome D. Greene, a close personal friend and associate of the educator, brought a message from him, reiterating his "ineradicable faith in democracy, and faith in the efficacy of the education of the entire people."

Mr. James Byrne eulogized the man and educator, Eliot, and quoted his famous watchword of humanity: that "an intelligent public opinion is the one indispensable condition for social progress." Mr. Edward S. Martin, a member of the first class of Harvard University to graduate under Dr. Eliot's presidency, read a poem.

Elihu Root said that if there were a peerage of democracy the scholar Eliot would receive therein a high title from the sincere gratitude of a great people. Mr. Root referred to Dr. Eliot as a profound thinker and discerner of the facts of public life, and consequently as one equipped to be a leader of opinion at a time when the facts of life have become increasingly difficult to learn and the task of progress vastly more arduous of fulfillment.

MISLEADING FIGURES ABOUT THE COST OF WARS

THOSE who complain that a great deal more money is spent for war than for education overlook or ignore the fact that war is exclusively a National affair, while education is mainly a State and municipal affair.

Their comparative figures are based on National expenditures alone. That might be an oversight, but Secretary of War Weeks declares that the figures put out by what he calls pacifist organizations are not at all in line with the true figures, and he warns patriotic persons who aid this kind of propaganda that they are likely to find themselves aligned with the enemies of the Republic.

"These people," says Secretary Weeks, referring to those responsible for widespread circulation of misleading statistics, "include those forces in America who are preaching revolution and Communistic government, and also those who seem to believe that any Army and Navy is unnecessary." Unfortunately, he continues, these elements, which constitute a very small minority of the people, are supported by considerable bodies of patriotic citizens. Good men and women, he says, lacking information of the true situation and apparently unwilling to be governed by the experiences of the past, are lending themselves to an effort to reduce, if not to destroy, the military safeguards of the Nation.

One of the things to which the Secretary directs attention is a bulletin recently put out by the so-called National Council for the Prevention of War. It contains a chart, purporting to have been "officially prepared," undertaking to show that eighty-five per cent of the National Budget for 1924 will go "for past and future wars." As a fact, says the Secretary, only 13.5 per cent of the Budget for 1924 will be used for National defense. If there were included as military expense all of the interest on the public debt, all money paid for retirement of the public debt, and all money paid for military pensions, retirement pay, and life insurance, the total would constitute only sixty-seven per cent of the Budget for 1924 instead of eighty-five per cent, as the so-called "official" statement claims.

It is obviously an injustice, as Secretary Weeks points out, to include all of these items under the head of military expense. It is unjust even to consider as military expense all of the money appropriated for the maintenance of the Army and Navy. The Army performs many duties not military in character. Out of the money appropriated to the Army nearly $43,000,000 goes to improvement of rivers and harbors and more than $4,000,000 to the maintenance of the Panama Canal. In the latter case, as in several others, returns greatly exceed outlay.

One of the gravest and most insidious among the unjust features of the statement exposed by Secretary Weeks is the declaration that, while the National Government spends eighty-five per cent of its Budget for war, it spends only two per cent for research, education, and development.

Under our system of government, it is neither necessary nor desirable that the National Government spend tremendous sums for education. States, counties, and municipalities paid most of the money for education, but they paid nothing at all for the Army and Navy. The latest available figures, those for 1919, show that the expenditures for education in the United States were more than twice as large as those for the Army and Navy.

A similar showing could be made for most other civil functions. The framers of our dual system of government thought it wise—and the judgment of the present generation coincides with theirs—that the National Government be exclusively charged with National defense, and that the great bulk of civil functions remain in the State governments. That arrangement furnishes the best system of government, but it offers opportunity for the propagandist who seeks to mislead.

AND THE PUBLIC PAYS TO KEEP COAL MINES IDLE

THE unions are curtailing coal production, says the General Policies Committee of the anthracite operators, by fixing an arbitrary limit on the number of cars any miner may load in a day. This, says the Committee in a brief filed with the United States Coal Commission, is in direct violation of the formal agreement between anthracite operators and miners, a general clause of which recites that there shall be no limitation of production.

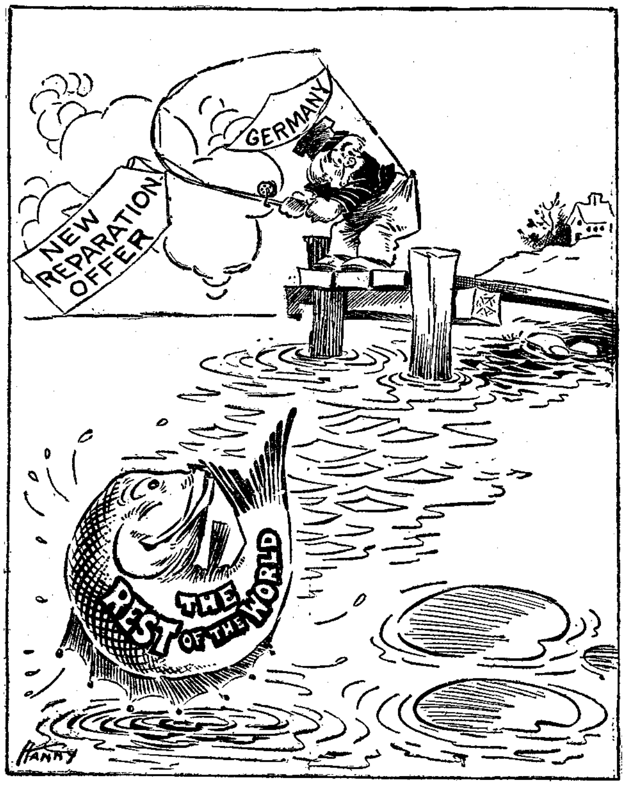
The miners' side of the case has not been stated. They will probably counter by saying that the real violation of the formal agreement came from the operators and that their arbitrary restriction of daily loadings is in self-defense. The third interested party, the consumer, will remain in doubt while he is crushed between the upper and the nether plates of the breaker at the anthracite mine.

A normal day's output before the suspension of 1922, the Committee says, ran from eight to twelve cars. The union limit now runs, it is said, from four to six cars for the various veins, with the result that the highest output of any man is only half what

OUT OF TUNE ON THE STRINGS?

(Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act IV, Scene 2)

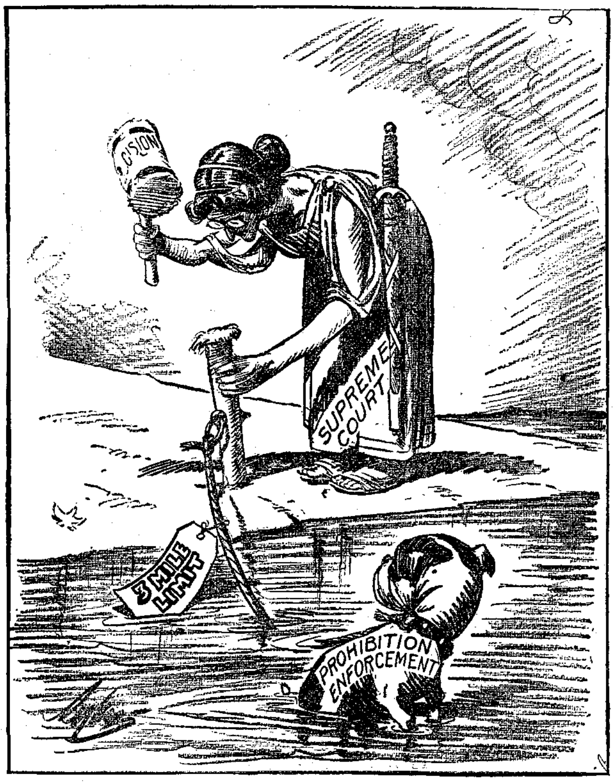
Hanny in the St. Paul Pioneer Press


GERMANY
NEW REPARATION OFFER
THE REST OF THE WORLD
HANNY

THE ONLY ONE HE HAS CAUGHT

From W. K. Collier, St. Paul, Minnesota

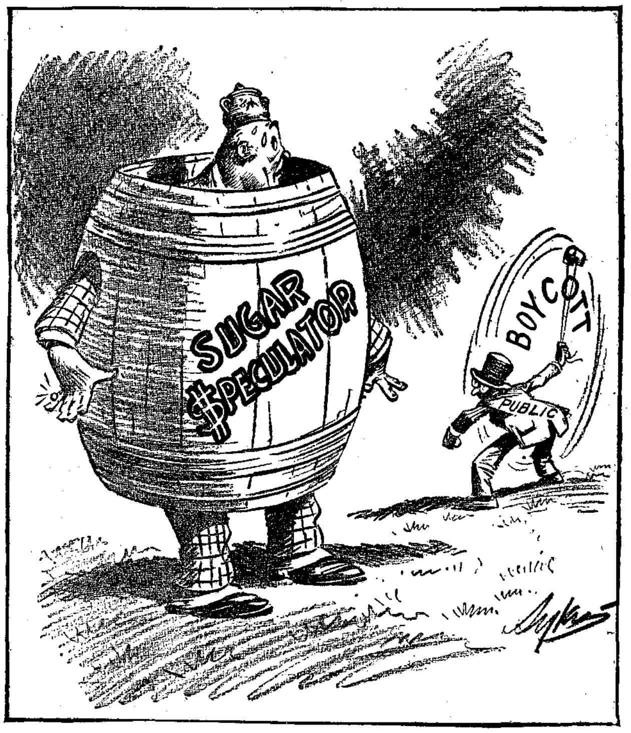
Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger


CISION
SUPREME COURT
3 MILE LIMIT
PROHIBITION ENFORCEMENT

SETTLED

From Anne S. Eissler, Philadelphia, Pa.

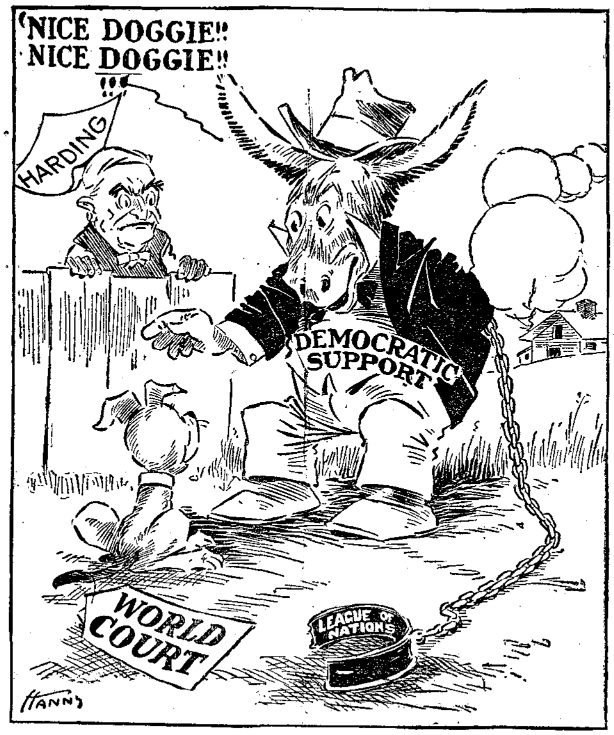
Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger


SUGAR $PECULATOR
BOYCOTT
PUBLIC
Sykes

ATTABOY, DAVID!

From Mrs. Patterson Miller, Russellville, Tennessee

Hanny in the St. Paul Pioneer Press


"NICE DOGGIE!!
NICE DOGGIE!!
!!"
HARDING
DEMOCRATIC SUPPORT
WORLD COURT
LEAGUE OF NATIONS
HANNY

SOUNDS SUSPICIOUS

From W. K. Collier, St. Paul, Minnesota

his producing capacity is known to be. Individual miners, it is said, frankly state their desire to do more work, but are deterred by fines and other disciplinary measures which reduced their net pay for twelve cars below what the pay for six would be.

The unions demand, according to the statement, that the companies collect fines for overproduction, and when a company refuses a strike is threatened. Breakers cannot operate steadily, it is said, because the output is not sufficient to keep them constantly employed; but the unions, which have made continuous breaker operation impossible, threaten to strike to force continuous operation. The economic loss from these alleged practices is said to add greatly to the cost of production, and therefore to the price of coal.

All this would be impossible if there were not at least forty per cent more coal mines in operation than are needed.

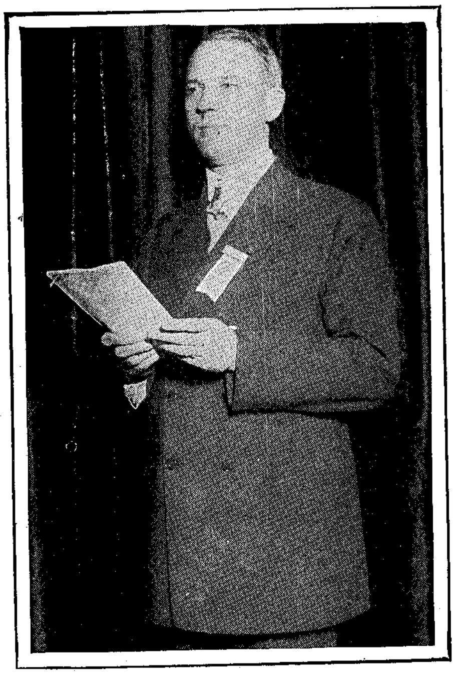
PUTTING THE BRAKES ON CREDIT

Twice within two weeks bankers have been urged from high places to be cautious about further extensions of credit.

The latest warning comes from Secretary of Commerce Hoover, who sees danger in our $3,000,000,000 gold reserve. The former came from the Federal Reserve Board, which sees the same danger from a different angle—the extension of credit by banks almost to a level with the 1920 boom total even before any draft has been made on the tremendous reserves in the Federal Reserve banks.

If, with returning prosperity, the United States uses anything like the whole of its basis for credit, the greatest era of inflation and speculation in our history will follow. So predict both Secretary Hoover and the Federal Reserve Board; but both are reassuring, for they point out that the recent increase in business is, so far, sound, because the goods produced with the money borrowed have not piled up, but have been bought and consumed. Both express confidence that the sound judgment of American bankers will curb the tendency to inflation before it spreads too far.

Secretary Hoover's statements were made in an address in New York City before the United States Chamber of Commerce, those of the Federal Reserve Board in one of its periodical reports. There is no alarmist note in either of them, but there is in both of them the timely warning that prosperity is not evenly distributed, that business recovery has been complete in the industrial centers and only partial in the agricultural sections. The demands for currency and credit are therefore greatest in the industrial centers, and, if the unwise policy warned against should result in a crash, it is the industrial centers that would be probably hit hardest. In nearly every particular the present situation reverses that which ended in the crash of the autumn of 1920.



P. & A. Photos

JULIUS H. BARNES, RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, ADDRESSING THE U. S. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE CONVENTION

Secretary Hoover warns that certain European countries which he does not name are expecting us to do the exact thing which he is trying to point the way around. They believe, he says, that the United States will use its gold as a basis for inflated credits which will result in sky-high prices, the piling up of goods that cannot be consumed, and a rush of gold from under our castle of credit back to the countries of Europe. He hopes a large part of this gold will go back to Europe, but he wants it to go in an orderly way through the normal channels of trade.

The way to make certain of this, both statements point out, is not to extend credit beyond the actual producing needs of industry and business.

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN QUARREL

The reply of the Soviet Government to the recent note of Lord Curzon has been received in London, and, while the text has not been given out at this writing, the substance of the note as reported seems to show on the whole a desire for moderation and conference between the two nations, although the phrasing is marked by petulance.

The dispute between the two Governments arises from several causes. The incident of the seizure of British fishing vessels, or trawlers, brought matters to a point where Trotsky in Russia allowed himself to talk valiantly of Russia's power to fight her enemies; and the radical labor element in England began an agitation based on the slogan, "Stop the war." This is not the first time that British warships have been sent to sea because of the seizure of English trawlers in Russian waters. It is a basic principle of England to protect her fishing vessels, and especially so now because of the splendid service done by the trawlers in fishing for mines during the war. Russia's reply to England's remonstrance is that she considers that she has the right to fix the sea territorial limit at twelve miles. It is true that the old three-mile limit has become illogical, because it was established as representing the distance to which gun fire could carry, and it no longer corresponds to that idea. But any change should certainly be of an international character and with international consent.

Back of this immediate cause of quarrel has been the growth of feeling in England that the trade agreement with Russia was a hollow mockery, because Russia had little to offer in the way of trade; and back of that again is the English feeling that Russia was becoming boastful and even bellicose in her attempts to push Bolshevism and its influence in the East, and that British interests were thereby in danger.

Lord Curzon's note was certainly positive and aggressive. It has been thus summarized in press despatches:

> Britain demands the cessation of propaganda and hostile acts toward that country and its nationals. It calls for the admission of liability by the Soviet Government for the seizure of British ships and compensation for injuries inflicted on British subjects. It demands the unequivocal withdrawal of two communications signed by the Soviet official, Weinstein, regarding religious persecution, which followed Great Britain's attempt to intervene in favor of the ecclesiastics on trial.

One phrase used in the note may be quoted to represent the tone of the whole: "It is time the Soviet Government should be made aware that it cannot with impunity behave toward

British subjects and British shipping in this arbitrary and intolerable manner."

The Soviet reply to Lord Curzon is mildly conciliatory; it disavows responsibility for some of the British charges, declares that it desires friendly relations with Great Britain, and, while it protests against "ultimatums and threats" and the "sharp and unjustified hostility of the British note," declares also that the way to satisfactory relations is through understanding to be reached by conference and negotiations.

VENGEANCE, NOT POLITICS

THE attempt at Moscow to make political capital out of the assassination at Lausanne on May 10 of the Bolshevik envoy Vaslaf Vorowsky has no reasonable basis. Vorowsky was an envoy only in the sense that he was sent to Lausanne by the Soviet Government; representation from Russia at the Lausanne conference was not desired by the Allies in view of Russian interference and mischief-making at the first conference. Vorowsky was not officially recognized by the Allies and he was entitled only to such protection as was due from the Swiss Government to every alien. Neither is there basis for the Russian accusation that the Swiss Fascisti were morally responsible for the murder. It is true that the Fascisti vigorously opposed the spread of Communist doctrine in their democracy by Vorowsky and others, and it may be the fact that they urged the Swiss Government to expel Vorowsky, but that is a long way from incitement to murder. Most absurd of all is the assertion of Radek, an undiplomatic diplomat of the Reds, that "Vorowsky's death is England's bloody answer to Moscow's stand as to the future of the Dardanelles."

There is no reason to doubt the assertion of the assassin, a former Czarist officer, by name Maurice Conradi, that the act was intended as a deed of vengeance for the torture and murder of his uncle and brother by the Bolsheviki during the worst of the Terror in Russia. That the violence of savage oppression engenders the violence of lawless revenge is no uncommon occurrence in history.

THE "LIVING CHURCH" OF RUSSIA

WHAT purports to be an All-Russian Church Assembly has declared Dr. Tikhon, the former Patriarch, a traitor, expelled him from the Church, and abolished the office of Patriarch. Meanwhile the proposed trial of Dr. Tikhon by the Soviet Government has been indefinitely postponed. Evidently the Red political leaders have been led by the world-wide condemnation of the execution of Monseigneur Butchkavitch to shift the burden of responsibility for persecution from State to Church.

What the tone and temper of the men who have controlled this Assembly is may be indicated by the fact that its President made a three-hour speech devoted to praise of the Bolshevik rulers and their Government. According to cabled reports, he said that "the Soviet was the finest government in the world, and voiced his admiration of its fight against capitalism, which he termed one of the seven deadly sins." A press correspondent in Riga affirms: "The same Government that shoots priests . . . has created a church of its own."

The clergy who made up this Assembly may in part honestly represent a reaction against orthodoxy; they call their organization the Living Church and claim that it is reformist in purpose. But there is evidence that largely their desire is to get along comfortably with the Reds. Conciliation appeals more to them than support of their persecuted fellow-priests. Mr. Francis McCullagh, in one of his illuminating articles in the New York "Herald," says: "More than a thousand Russian priests have been executed in the last five years. A news despatch from Riga said some five thousand priests are at the present time imprisoned in various parts of Russia." If it is true, as the Assembly asserts, that Dr. Tikhon refused to give up altar utensils and church funds on the demand of the Soviet Government, the offense would seem to be civil rather than ecclesiastical in its nature; but this Assembly seems to have been concerned more about the authority of the State than the privilege of the Church, and it had in equal prominence on its wall pictures of Christ and Lenine. Bishop Blake, of the American Methodist Episcopal Church of Southern Europe, has startled many American Methodists by his remarks before this Assembly, as reported by the Associated Press, such as: "Revolutions and upheavals are not born of death. They just show new life, and our hearts should be filled with gladness. . . . The Church cannot stop new movements, but must join them." The leader of this Living Church, it is said, in a sort of caucus preliminary to the Assembly, voted to approve the Red Army and all of the Communist Party programme with the one exception of that clause which advocates anti-religious propaganda. Even a Bolshevik State Church, it seems, does shy off at the proposal to preach atheism!

CHINA REMONSTRATES GENTLY WITH ITS BRIGANDS

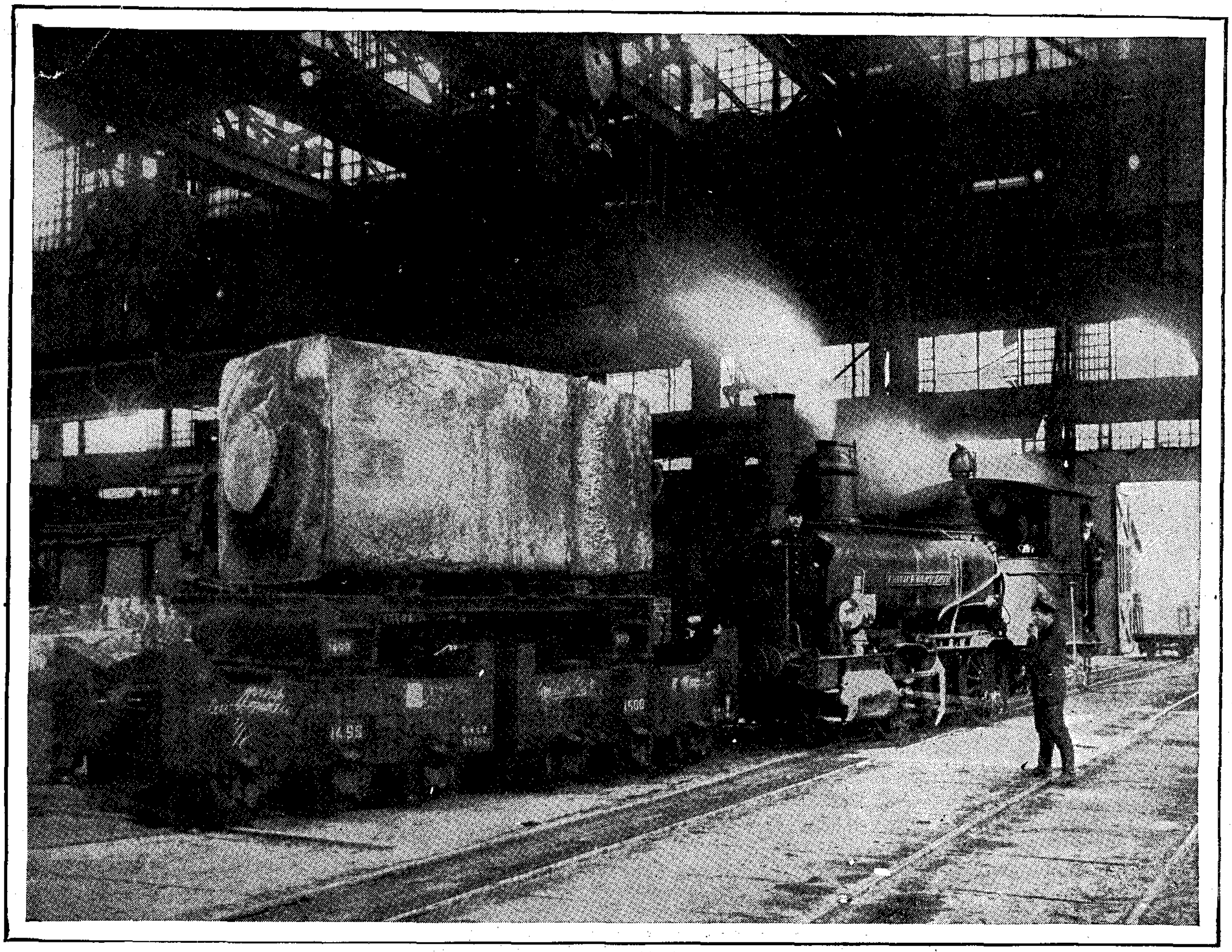
FOURTEEN men and one woman of non-Chinese nationality of those who were seized by Chinese bandits in their recent attack on a railway train were on May 15 still in captivity. It was announced, however, by Associated Press despatches from China that the Peking Government had reached terms with the bandits under which the troops would be withdrawn and the bandits later would be enrolled in the national army.

This last clause almost has a Gilbert and Sullivan touch of extravaganza. If it is true, China will kill the fatted calf for its returned brigand sons by giving them the pay and the honorable position of soldiers intrusted with the keeping of peace and order. The offer is explicable, however, when we take into account the fact that most of the bandits are former soldiers who were discharged with their pay still in arrears.

There is no attempt on foot to rescue the captives by the use of foreign troops. The Chinese authorities are afraid to attack the bandits lest the prisoners be killed. Apparently, the only chance for their restoration to their friends lies in bribing the brigands either by money or by re-establishment in the military ranks.

Meanwhile the foreigners have been in a perilous condition. A note that came through the lines from one of them, Major Pinger, of the American Army, said: "If the troops are not withdrawn within three days we are threatened with the worst. Delay is extremely dangerous." It is now known that at least one woman is among those still held—Mrs. Verea, a Mexican, who would not desert her husband when offered freedom. The American prisoners held, according to the reports current as we write, are: J. B. Powell, editor of the "Weekly Review," Shanghai; Leon Friedman, of the China Motors Corporation, Shanghai; Lee Solomon, of Shanghai; and Majors Robert Allen and Roland Pinger.

A strong light is cast on the cause of brigandage in China in an article in the New York "Herald" by Major Rodjenko, formerly a military instruc-



THE GREAT KRUPP WORKS AT ESSEN, GERMANY, NOW DEVOTED TO MAKING IMPLEMENTS OF INDUSTRY

The Krupp factories have recently been the scene of riotous disturbances as the result of resistance to French requisitions, and the trial of the Krupp directors for complicity in the disturbances is fresh in the public mind. The vast works, however, are now, it is believed, entirely devoted to the making of non-war material. *The photograph shows a one-hundred ton iron block forging being hauled to* the crane by a locomotive. It is not generally known that these works once devoted to Germany's mighty instruments of war could probably be remodeled within a few weeks so as to be able to resume the manufacture of munitions. In the meantime such industrial plants as this, which make the Ruhr valley a vast machine shop, together with the mines of the region, have been piling up huge fortunes for the German magnates and endowing them with a power unique in the modern industrial world and in political menace comparable to the former power of the Junkers and the war lords

tor in the Chinese army. He declares that "the Chinese bandit is about the most good-natured brigand in the world, for he robs not for the sake of easy money or an easy living, but to save himself from starvation. Hence he is a modest chap who knows when he has enough and who turns respectable as soon as he can afford it"—all of which again makes us think of Gilbert and Sullivan's polite pirates. Major Rodjenko describes the military-bandit situation as follows:

> There is hardly a single military unit in China which receives its pay regularly. The troops often are in arrears for months before they receive a fraction of their pay. Yet they have to live, and very often they desert, shed their uniforms, and begin a career of robbery. Quite frequently the Government disbands military units at short notice and makes no provision whatsoever for the men, who generally turn bandit. They are encouraged to do so, for they know there are few reliable troops who can be sent against them.

It is not surprising to learn that under this condition respect for national or provincial government is at low ebb. The two theories, one that the recent outrage is due indirectly to Japanese intrigue, the other that it is due to the political involutions of the Chinese themselves, seem not needed as explanations, whatever semblance of actuality may be in them.

GUILTY HIGHER UP

THE severity of the sentence imposed upon the active head of the Krupp Iron Works was justified by the offense. The theory that German workers were offering only "passive resistance" to the occupation of the Ruhr industrial center was fully disproved by the recent trial. What Dr. Krupp von Bohlen was convicted and sentenced for was the reverse of passive resistance. He encouraged, if he did not instigate, his workmen to attack French soldiers who were under orders to visit the works in order to take possession of certain automobiles. Thereupon the sirens of the plant were blown continuously, with the full knowledge of the managers and officers of the company; the workmen were thus gathered together for the direct purpose of attacking the French soldiers; and in point of fact, the mob violence resulted in fourteen deaths.

Dr. von Bohlen and three of his directors were sentenced to imprisonment for fifteen years each, and smaller terms of imprisonment were imposed on others responsible, while finally a verdict of death was found against one of the men who committed actual murder. Fines amounting to 850,000,000 marks were imposed upon the defendants individually or collectively.

The incident is a stern warning that France will not act weakly or indecisively in carrying out her announced purpose to hold the Ruhr region until Germany ceases resistance and begins paying reparations in accord with acceptable terms, and provides guaranties for French security.

THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF TO HIS FRIENDS

IN taking the position for over forty years held by my father, Lyman Abbott, as Editor-in-Chief, I find in fact no substantial difference in my duties, and I contemplate no change in the editorial policy or in the essential character of The Outlook. I find, however, a new sense of obligation to the many thousands who by their words and by their continued support have shown their faith in the survival of my father's spirit. If we who have been carrying on The Outlook did not share that faith with them, The Outlook would not have maintained, and even enlarged, as it has, its circle of readers.

When I say, however, that I contemplate no change in the policy or character of The Outlook, I do not mean that I expect it to stand still. On the contrary, if there has been anything distinctive in its policy or character it has been its continuing progress. The change in outward appearance which takes place with the publication of this number is the eighth change of the kind in this journal's history. In each case the change in form has been in response to some new opportunity for a better service of its readers. Never was my father so young as he was in the last year of his life; and correspondingly The Outlook has never found itself so sympathetic with the spirit of youth as it is now when it has passed its first half-century. In its experience it has the advantage of age, but it has also the advantage of youth in its confidence in the future.

One reason why The Outlook has this composite of youth and age is that The Outlook has a composite mind. Its policy is not, never has been, and while I have editorial direction never will be, merely the policy of one man. It has been the policy of a staff. Each week the editorial board meets in conference. The members of the board rarely agree in every particular, and sometimes vigorously disagree. Out of the argument usually comes an opinion which was not the view of any individual at first, but is the product of the views of all. For more than a generation my father, presiding at these conferences, directed the growth of The Outlook's policies. He never sought to impose a policy on The Outlook; but rather developed in The Outlook's composite mind by means of these weekly discussions an agreement on certain fundamental principles. It is these principles that form the warp on which the weft of each week's editorial pages has been woven. The new President of The Outlook Company, Mr. Pulsifer, has been for years a member of the editorial board, and shares with his editorial colleagues the inheritance of the methods and ideals that have made The Outlook. As the years passed my father left the conference more and more in the hands of my brother, who now becomes Contributing Editor, and myself; and during the later years of his life devoted himself mainly to his writing, with only occasional visits to the editorial conference.

When therefore the time came for him to lay down his work and take his last journey, there was no abrupt transition; and there is no abrupt transition now.

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

UNDER THE SIGN OF TAURUS

WE remember that a celebrated explorer remarked, when he heard of an expedition to China to find the remains of the missing link, "Why do they go to China to look for missing links? There are plenty of them right here in New York."

The explorer's remark was only a slight exaggeration of the actual truth. When we speak of this twentieth century in tones which suggest that we regard our present age as an even level of high civilization, we ignore the fact that the development of the human race is as uneven as the topography of the earth. There were twentieth-century minds or better in ancient Greece. There are first-century minds or worse in modern New York.

And these ancient survivals find their wants recognized even in the columns of twentieth-century journals. We picked up a copy of no less a metropolitan daily than the New York "Evening World" and discovered in it two full columns devoted to one of the most ancient of pagan superstitions. These columns were given over to advice for love-lorn individuals based upon their horoscopes. Here are a few sample passages:

> VIOLANTE—June 8, 1898, Woman; May 20, 1880, Man.
>
> You are selecting a man who possesses to a high degree the settled and rather stolid nature of the sign Taurus. Inasmuch as he is so much older than yourself, it would be necessary for you to submit your ideals and tastes to his decisions, because you will be unable to influence him very greatly. If the interests of both lie along the same lines, there is no reason why the above verdict would be unfavorable, but five years from the present time seems a more likely year to produce a marriage for you than does 1923.
>
> T. O. J.—October 24, 1899, Woman; May 26, 1900, Man.
>
> Marriage about the time of your birthday in the fall seems to be the indication in your horoscope. The man whose date you inclose is a congenial person, but do not let him speculate, as he will lose very heavily, through such ventures.
>
> R. T.—Feb. 19, 1906, Woman; Aug. 19, 1905, Man.
>
> This is not the man you are going to marry, and I do not see how you ever get along now, as there are some very quarrelsome influences between your two horoscopes.

Now if the "World's" astrologer would only advise each of those who apply to her for advice to refrain from marriage she might strike a powerful blow for eugenics; for if the advice were followed would it not prevent many low-grade mentalities from passing on their traits to the next generation? Is the newspaper editor who permits such columns in his journal to be wholly excused from blame or should no limits be set to the capitalization of ignorance?

PROHIBITION

IN last week's Outlook we published two articles on prohibition, one criticising the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, and one urging obedience to them. In view of these articles, we desire here again to restate our own position briefly.

The Outlook was not in favor of the passage of a mandatory Constitutional amendment prohibiting the use of alcoholic beverages. It desired to see a permissive amendment passed, under which Federal legislation could be enacted prohibiting the abuse, and possibly the use, of alcoholic beverages. We did not at the time of the passage of the Amendment and we do not now think that the Constitution is a document into which statutory law should be introduced. The Constitution is generally, and always should be, a statement of general principles of law under which statutes may be created. It is quite possible, as the advocates of the Amendment claim, that a mere permissive amendment would have accomplished nothing, and that the mandatory form of amendment was the only kind that would finally do away with the social and

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political corruption inevitably attached to the liquor trade.

But the case is not now one for academic discussion of what might have been. It is a condition, not a theory, that confronts us. Intoxicating beverages have been declared by the supreme law of the land to be illegal and contraband, and the Volstead Act has defined what an intoxicating beverage is. It seems to us beyond the pale of argument that law-and-order-loving citizens, whatever their tastes and inclinations may be, should obey the law. This does not mean that they may not advocate its repeal, but they ought strictly and carefully and sincerely to obey it until by processes of reason they can succeed in obtaining an ordinance of repeal. While we recognize the moral and political right of individuals or of organizations to work for repeal, we have no sympathy with the repeal movement, nor shall we participate in it, and this is for a very simple reason.

We do not regard the drinking of wine, or beer, or distilled liquors, as a sin *per se*. Murder should be made a crime in law because it is in its very essence a sin, and not merely because it is an injury to society. Spitting on a city highway has been made a crime in law because it has been found to be detrimental to society, and not because it is in itself reprehensible.

For a hundred years people of the United States continuously endeavored to regulate the liquor trade. They tried high license, local option, and State prohibition. In spite of everything, the liquor trade continued to corrupt politics and to disseminate vice and disease. In the struggle of a century against the appalling evils of the commerce in wine, beer, and distilled liquors prohibition is the last resort of a people and a Government that have tried almost every other conceivable remedy. It is too soon to say whether prohibition is a workable remedy; but it may be, and if it should be, if it should succeed in putting alcohol on the list of other toxic and medicinal drugs, and a generation of Americans should grow up to look upon alcohol as every sane and wholesome American now looks upon opium, an incalculable good will have been done, both for the individual and for society.

It is this social possibility which makes us willing to sacrifice our so-called "personal liberty" in order to see, after a fair trial, whether prohibition cannot be made to work. The only men who can discuss repeal with any adequate knowledge of the facts are our sons and grandsons. It is our duty to turn over the country to them, after having made every possible, honest, and reasonable effort to prove the practicability and, therefore, the desirability of the law. Our sons and grandsons will be able to judge whether the law can achieve its great purpose or not only if in the intervening years it is obeyed and enforced.

JOSEPH CONRAD

No literary visitor from Great Britain since Sir James Barrie's pleasant call has made a more agreeable impression than Joseph Conrad. This is said without forgetting E. V. Lucas, whose stay, however, nearly two years ago, was so brief and who managed so cleverly to elude the reporters by coming from England by way of India and San Francisco that he hardly counts in the comparison.

The real importance of taking care to use the adjective British rather than the much more common and much less correct term English, which Americans are too prone to apply to every man who hails from London, at once becomes apparent in considering these three delightful contemporary novelists from "perfidious Albion"—these three masters of style and narrative in English prose. Barrie is Scotch; Lucas is English; Conrad is Polish. Barrie was demure; Lucas was composed and undisturbed; Conrad is shy and hesitating. Barrie sees the delicate satire of life; Lucas, the broad humor of life; Conrad, the deep tragedy underlying much of life. None of them is as terribly and uncompromisingly English as Kipling, and none of them as effervescent and paradoxical as Shaw or Chesterton. They talk—I say "they talk" in the sense in which the French say *on dit;* what a pity we have no such useful idiom!—they talk about America being a melting-pot! In its literary life London is a greater melting-pot than the whole of the United States. Californians and Kansans, Hoosiers and New Yorkers, Yankees and Southerners, all write very much alike, in spite of their disgust at being taken for one another and their writhing efforts to be different. They describe different aspects of life, but from very much the same point of view. The University of California and Harvard are as alike as two peas in general basic culture. But Oxford and Edinburgh are as psychologically distinct as Arthur Balfour and Robert Louis Stevenson. It is not unity but variety that is the glory of what is mistakenly called English literature. It should really be called literature expressed in the English language. There was a Greek literature, there is probably a French literature, in which there is a common point of view, a common reaction of the mind to phenomena. But English literature in this sense? No. It is Anglo-Scotch-Irish-American literature. And now we must add a little Polish to it!

Joseph Conrad's visit makes this clear. Here is a man born in Poland; steeped in his early years in the culture of Northern-Central Europe; who by the inexorable and mysterious voice of nature was called to sea—literally called away from the restraining hands of family, circumstance, and tradition, much as St. Paul was called to his Apostleship. A man who, for some reason which he does not explain in his autobiographical notes entitled "A Personal Record," for some reason which he himself does not appear clearly to understand, chooses to become an English seaman and sail in English ships. He sails to Africa, to the Orient, to the West Indies; he masters his trade and, passing examination after examination, becomes officially a master mariner; he sees, he observes, he *thinks*; what, he asks himself, are the forces of character, of circumstance, of fate—for he often uses the word fate—that determine the acts and relations of men and women in the great, unending, ever-developing drama of life? He makes notes; he writes, for his own pleasure, apparently, while still at sea; and, finally, under the influence of that inexplicable urge which is the usual accompaniment of genius, he abandons the sea at forty years of age and devotes himself to dramatic writing—not to writing acting plays of course, but to novels every one of which is in a very peculiar sense a drama.

One of the curious phenomena of Conrad's life is that, while Polish was his native tongue and French the language of his earlier culture, he chose English rather late in life as his literary medium. Moreover, while he is a complete master through the pen of English vernacular and idiom, and while there is not a sentence or a phrase in any of his stories that betrays his foreign origin, he speaks English with such a European accent that it is sometimes difficult to understand him. Imagine, you who read this, what it would be if at forty years of age you had to settle down in Poland, or even in France, and write in Polish, or French, like a native. It can be done of course. Carl Schurz, German revolutionary, came to America and developed a distinctive and beautiful English style after he was thirty years of age. His essay on "Lincoln" is probably one of the enduring compositions in the English language. Stewart Chamberlain, the renegade Englishman, the son of a British admiral, adopted Germany as his country, and wrote his remarkable "Foundations of the Nineteenth Century" in German, and when it appeared in England it was as a translation.

Although Conrad is sure of his medium, and sure that he has accomplished much that he set out to do, he is personally a singularly modest man. Mr. Elbridge Adams, in a delightful article recently published in The Outlook, has given a personal portrait of him, and that portrait has been confirmed as just and accurate by those who have seen and heard Conrad during the visit to this country which he is now making.

He is a man of middle height, spare but well built, wearing a pointed beard which is somewhat streaked with gray, but his hair and beard do not show the usual marked signs of approaching age, although he is in his sixty-seventh or sixty-eighth year. If you want to know just exactly how he looks, recall Sir Horace Plunkett, and you will have a pretty good replica of Conrad, except that Sir Horace is ruddy and Conrad is swarthy. If you do not know how Sir Horace Plunkett looks, I shall have to refer you to a portrait of Conrad which appeared recently on the cover of The Outlook.

The other evening I had the very great pleasure of momentarily seeing and talking with Conrad and of hearing him speak and read from one of his own novels to a group of personal friends and admirers of his work. The gathering was at one of the fine private houses of New York, and, while in this respect it was informal and was solely an occasion for mutual acquaintanceship on the part of the novelist and some of his American readers, it had some of the aspects of a public appearance. For the listeners were seated in an orderly fashion, like an audience, in a beautiful room which sometimes serves as a ballroom, while Conrad sat at a table placed on a simple dais at the end of the room. His shyness and embarrassment, very manifest at first, added an engaging note of sincerity to his appearance, and he captivated his hearers from the very beginning. He began by a definition of what he believes to be the function and character of the novel as a form of literature. He then outlined the method which he pursues in creating the personages of his stories, and proceeded to tell the tale of "Victory"—to my taste one of the best of his stories—reading brief passages from it to illustrate and interpret his verbal account of the characters and their actions. The whole thing was done in about an hour, and was a remarkable example of literary and dramatic skill in itself. His little flashes of humor, his gestures in deprecation of overpraise, and the complete detachment with which he described his work were very refreshing. Now quizzical smiles and now glows of deep feeling illumined his face and impressed, I think, all those who heard him that evening with the very wide range both of his spirit and of his art.

Conrad's stories are not cheerful in the sense in which Trollope or Archibald Marshall is cheerful, nor are they sordid and mean, like some of the work of the younger set of American novelists. But they are comedies, in the sense in which Balzac used the phrase "comédie humaine," with a very decided leaning toward tragedy.

It can hardly be said that Conrad's visit will be, as Lord Robert Cecil's was, a factor in the development of better understanding between the English-speaking peoples, for neither Conrad nor his art is distinctively English. But his visit will do a very great deal to promote a still more important understanding—the mutual understanding of men and lovers of letters. There is a literary league of nations which is greater, more inclusive, and more important than any political league of nations. Men who understand and appreciate one another's art and desire to have it nurtured and protected and developed for the good of civilization will be among the last to go to war. L. F. A.

CAN WE EXPECT A STABLE GOVERNMENT FOR ALL CHINA?

BY KENNETH SCOTT LATOURETTE

IN former days there was in China little national feeling. There was intense pride in the culture of the country and disdain for all outsiders; but distances were great and, since means of rapid transportation and communication were lacking, national consciousness faced many obstacles. Western Europe, a smaller area, had, with no greater handicaps to union, developed much more marked local particularism. Of this lack of strong national consciousness there are many interesting examples. From the middle of the seventeenth century to 1911 the Imperial scepter was held by an alien race, the Manchus, and, while there was some feeling against them on the ground that they were foreigners, they could not have gained the throne in the first place, or retained it after they had won it, had there been a united, patriotic movement against them. They adopted Chinese culture and were loyally accepted by a Chinese officialdom that saw in their service no hint of treason. During the wars between Great Britain and China the bulk of the nation remained indifferent, thinking the fighting a matter that concerned only the Imperial house and a few provinces, and Chinese from sections not distinctly affected saw no impropriety in aiding the foreigner against their fellow-countrymen. The Taiping Rebellion and some others that were directed against the Manchus appealed for support in part to race feeling, but the mass of the nation remained apathetic to their pleas. The Boxer outbreak had as its purpose the expulsion of foreigners, but it was almost entirely confined to the north; the viceroys of the Yangtze Valley and the south calmly ignored the Imperial commands to kill the foreigner, and their countrymen did not feel that they were unpatriotic in so doing.

In contrast with this former weakness of national consciousness there has for the past twenty years or more been a rapidly growing spirit of patriotism. In papers, in books, and in public addresses much talk of it is heard, whereas fifty years ago the very term was either non-existent or little used. Internal divisions still exist, but loyalty to the nation is increasing and has in at least one instance, the anti-Japanese boycott of 1919, extended to the entire country. Patriotism has, too, been strong enough to oust from power a political clique that was accused of being in the pay of the Japanese. This relationship to a foreign Power, now branded as treason and as worthy of death, was not so regarded even thirty years ago when the most prominent statesman in the Empire, Li Hung-chang, was quite widely believed to have similar, if not as open, relations with Russia and went unrebuked. This feeling of nationalism is strongest among students. It was students who led the anti-Japanese boycott, and it is students who are most active in promoting patriotic movements. This of course is natural. Many have lived abroad, and probably all have come in contact through the printed page with the nationalistic movement in other lands. They are, too, more aware of the aggressions of foreign Powers on China than are other groups. Students are not the only class that has felt the new tide, however, for coolie, artisan, merchant, and farmer are aware of it, although often only dimly so, and have more than once responded to it.

Over against this new unity the nation is threatened with disintegration from foreign encroachments, personal rivalries among leaders, and sectional jealousies. The various spheres of influence of foreign Powers have covered most of China, and leased territories are to be found from Manchuria to Kwangtung. China long ago sacrificed her tariff and judicial autonomy, and has no prospect of immediately regaining it. Her best ports are dominated by foreign concessions and in her capital legations are like an armed citadel. Most of her outstanding leaders profess patriotism, but with the majority of them the word is merely a cloak for selfish intrigues, and with their armed retainers they keep the country impoverished and plunged in civil strife. Just now there is some small prospect of unity, but personal jealousies may at any time wreck the rather lame beginning that has been made. Provincial feeling is strong, and with the collapse of the Empire and of the old bureaucracy it has asserted itself. Thus the Southern Government that protested to the world that it was trying to give the nation a democratic administration depended as much upon sectional feeling in Canton as upon democratic principles. The province of Hunan, in the heart of the Republic, has declared its autonomy, and others have in effect taken the same position. Banditry is rife, and in many sections there is little security for life or property outside the walls of the chief cities. Revenues destined for the Central Government have been absorbed by local military authorities and for some months Peking has been virtually bankrupt. In the early spring of 1922 it looked as though even the semblance of national machinery that survived might disappear. In the Presidential chair was an elderly man who with many of the qualities of a Confucian scholar combined the lack of stamina and the facility for intrigue of the old officialdom at its worst. The Government was so corrupt that even the Minister of Finance was accused, and quite possibly rightly so, of extensive peculations, and it was so weak that no full Cabinet could be got together. Large sections of the country denied recognition to even the shadow of authority that the capital represented, and some acute observers felt that the only hopeful word that could be said was that affairs were so bad that they could become no worse. Since the victory of Wu Pei-fu last spring the outlook is not so utterly dark, but the improvement has not been sufficiently marked to beget confidence. There has, after all, been no decisive change in the situation. For the moment the jealousies of foreign Powers seem in abeyance, but they may be revived at any time. Rivalries between individuals and cliques are undiminished, and official corruption—the placing of personal and family interests before those of the nation, which has so long been the curse of China—has not been scotched.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM FOREIGN LANDS

Elizabeth Washburn Wright, internationally known as an authority on the opium traffic, has sent us two articles.

"Some Points in the Turkish Situation" is a readable analysis of the present temper of the Ottoman Empire.

"Lest We Forget" is a colorful reminder of the defense of Verdun.

Natalie de Bogory, whose name has many times appeared in The Outlook signed to articles dealing with immigration problems, has sent us from Germany a graphic portrayal of the suffering of those who are the victims of Germany's willfully debased currency.

Which group of forces will dominate? Will that which makes for patriotism and national unity and efficiency, or that which has brought China to her present sad plight? Will China effect a united, stable Government, or will she completely disintegrate, a source of misery to her people and of danger to the world? Prophecy is of course always dangerous, and the only safe answer is the frank admission that no one knows. One can, however, appraise the forces on either side and point out certain tendencies which may throw light on the situation.

In the first place, it must be clearly recognized that the elements of weakness are, most of them, of long standing and are not easily eliminated. Foreign encroachments have for the moment abated, thanks in part to the outcome of the Great War and to the Washington Conference. There is no assurance that that halt is more than temporary, however, for the underlying causes that led to aggression are still potent. They can be permanently offset only by a strong Government in China; by the complete engrossment of the attention of all the Powers in other enterprises—a quite unlikely event; by an entirely new attitude of the Powers toward the value of territorial expansion—also unlikely; or by the insistence of one or more strong nations upon the preservation of the open door and the territorial integrity of China. This last is, for the moment, one of the chief grounds of hope. China needs time and freedom from foreign interference. This is so obviously just and the converse would lead to such serious international complications that there is some chance that the much-talked-of open door and territorial integrity may, especially if the United States insists, be preserved—if not completely, at least sufficiently to give China her opportunity.

Personal rivalries and political corruption are both so deeply embedded in political tradition that there is little likelihood that they will ever be eliminated. They may be reduced to a point where they will be comparatively harmless, but that process will, if it occurs, probably be long and difficult. Only a great increase in patriotism or a moral regeneration can be looked to for hope.

Provincial jealousies and loyalties are also of long standing. They were held in check under the old régime but were never eradicated. In a country as vast as China and lacking means of rapid and easy communication they were almost inevitable. Improved methods of communication have not come rapidly enough to eliminate them. The telegraph, the postal service, the railway, and the steamship have done something toward the creation of a national consciousness; but for them even such unity as exists might have disappeared. They have, however, not been extensive enough or in existence for a sufficient time to be of the service that they have been in some other lands. Democratic and republican principles have encouraged this local particularism, and in the face of it the realization of any stable government must, in all probability, be long deferred.

China, too, labors under the handicap of having scrapped much of her old national machinery before providing an adequate substitute. When she dismissed the Manchus, she did it, not to replace them by another ruling house, but to attempt a democratic republic. This was probably in the long run wise, and it was almost certainly inevitable, although it is now an accomplished fact and the discussion of either point would probably prove fruitless. China has, however, had but little experience with democracy, certainly not on a national scale or as the Occident understands it, and she has had none whatever with a republic. The institutions which she is attempting to take over and adapt are the product of centuries of experimentation in the Occident, and work far from perfectly even there. It is extremely unlikely that a fairly efficient, democratic republic as we understand it in America will appear in China within our lifetime, or even that of our children and grandchildren. Progress toward it may, indeed, be made, or a usable modification may be evolved; but we must disabuse ourselves of the hope of any rapid approximation to the dreams of the ardent Chinese students we have known and loved in this country. Progress is delayed beyond what it would normally be, too, by the economic situation. For the great masses of the population the margin between starvation and a bare sufficiency is so narrow and is so often on the wrong side that the attention of the vast majority is absorbed in the problem of making a livelihood to the exclusion of any intelligent interest in national affairs; for all but a minority there is neither leisure nor money for even the barest elementary education, or for an intelligent share in public affairs. Could China have worked gradually toward a democratic government within the fabric of the monarchy, the present prolonged anarchy might have been avoided. That of course happened in Great Britain, and bids fair to happen in Japan. Through circumstances for which she was not entirely to blame this has proved impossible for China, and the old machinery of government is disintegrating without time for the construction and successful operation of a new system on a democratic basis.

Potent as are the forces that obstruct progress toward a stable national government, there are strong factors which favor it. In the first place, the world-wide movement toward nationalism which is too familiar to need comment is being felt in China. The Chinese of the eighteen provinces and Manchuria are essentially a unit racially and culturally. The outlying dependencies, such as Tibet and Mongolia, may be separated from the rest of the country, but every rise in the tide of nationalism will tend toward the welding together of what is, after all, China.

In the next place, improvement in transportation and communication makes for cohesion, and here again the trend of the times favors China. Steamboats have long aided travel. The postal and the telegraphic systems have been rapidly improved and expanded, and already their presence is felt. As they are given time they will be still further extended and will increase steadily in their usefulness as cohesive agencies. Railway building has been retarded, partly by the jealousies of foreign investors backed by their governments, partly by the Great War with the consequent depletion of that European capital which heretofore has been the chief reliance of China's railway builders, and partly by the political disorder that has made timid both Chinese and foreign investors. No one knows how long this delay will last, but here again the trend of the times the world over, while not as strongly toward the construction of railways as it was fifteen years ago, remains in that direction. Foreign capital is still available, and with the growth of native banks and the beginnings of success in substituting the stock company for the partnership and the guild the amount of Chinese capital that can be mobilized for large-scale construction is increasing. In the meantime automobile and carriage roads are beginning to be laid down. Some of this is being done by famine relief agencies, and some of it by provincial and local initiative. The proposed highway to connect Chungking and Chengtu, for example, will shorten by several days the journey between the capital of the great western province of Szechuan, an empire in itself, and the rest of China.

Some agencies are being planned on a national scale. Educators are thinking in terms of all China, and by their emphasis on a national spoken language are removing one of the former barriers to unity. They are, too, favoring a written style that more nearly approximates the vernacular than did the classical, and so they are making easier the process of popular education. Christian churches are thinking in national terms, and have been doing so for several decades. The recent gathering of the Protestant forces in Shanghai brought together over five hundred Chinese and nearly as many foreigners from all over China and organized a National Christian Council.

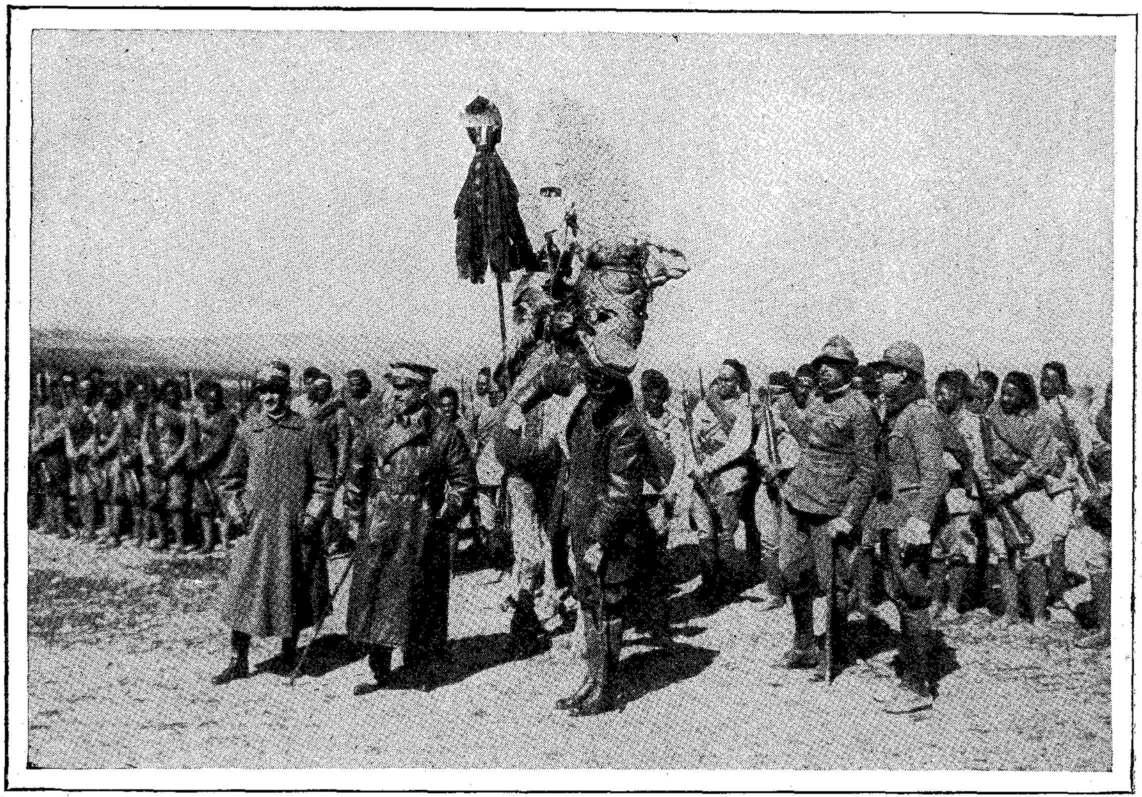
Protestant bodies, now numbering in membership and constituency three-quarters of a million, are as a rule, because of their form of church government, training schools in democratic, representative government, and since in origin they are predominantly British and American they are means of intimate contact between the democracies of the West and China. About half the Protestant membership is literate, in itself no small contribution toward national unity. Then the emphasis upon character by the Christian forces, and especially upon self-sacrifice, service, and honesty, qualities so greatly needed by Chinese officialdom, is an asset toward national stability whose value is often underestimated.

Modern education is permeating the country through the school and the press, and with it there is a growth in nationalism. While the masses are illiterate, ideas percolate to them through the reading classes, and the tides of patriotic feeling are not confined to the small body of literates. The coming of the industrial revolution, which, though retarded, is very marked in some cities and is almost certain to be nation-wide, may well bring an improvement in the standard of living and more leisure for education.

Finally, there is that fundamental historical unity of the Chinese, which cannot lightly be disregarded or quickly dissolved. The dialects of the spoken language are often mutually unintelligible, but they are fundamentally one, and, since the written language is uniform, the great body of literature that is one of China's richest heritages from the past is the common property of the reading public the country over. The nation is composite racially, but the differences are not great enough to cause permanent cleavages. The country has often been divided, sometimes for centuries, but it has never yet failed to be reunited, and with each reunion has come a fresh extension of national boundaries and an increase in prosperity. The Chinese calmly assume that after the discord of to-day there will follow sooner or later a new union. That tradition and that confidence are forces which must be reckoned with.

Present observers are inclined to the belief that if unity comes it will be of the federal nature that is found in the United States and that order will first be achieved in local areas. Whether union will assume this form, whether it will be brought about by the genius of a man on horseback, or whether it will take shape in some totally unexpected manner, no one can say. No one knows either whether the forces that make for separation and anarchy will prevail over those that are drawing the nation together. The process, whatever its outcome, will evidently be prolonged and will be modified by factors both in and out of China. Upon its outcome, however, will largely depend the future of Chinese culture and the peace of the entire world.

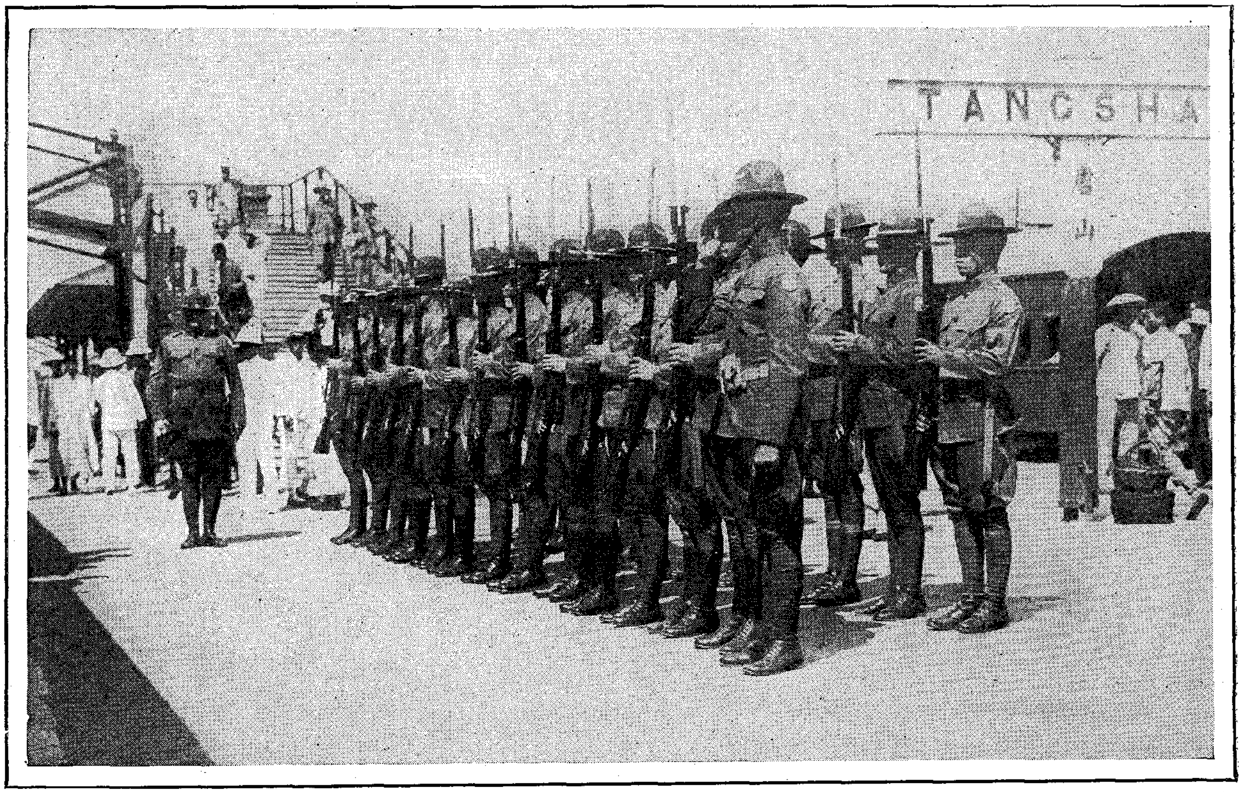
SOLDIERS OF MODERN ROME AND



International

ITALY'S RECONQUEST OF TRIPOLI

Colonel Graziani, military Governor of Tripoli, is shown above reviewing his troops at Tarhuna, over which city the Italian flag again flies. Italy acquired Tripoli as a result of her war with Turkey in 1912, but during the World War the Turks reoccupied the country. The standard suggests a touch of ancient Rome

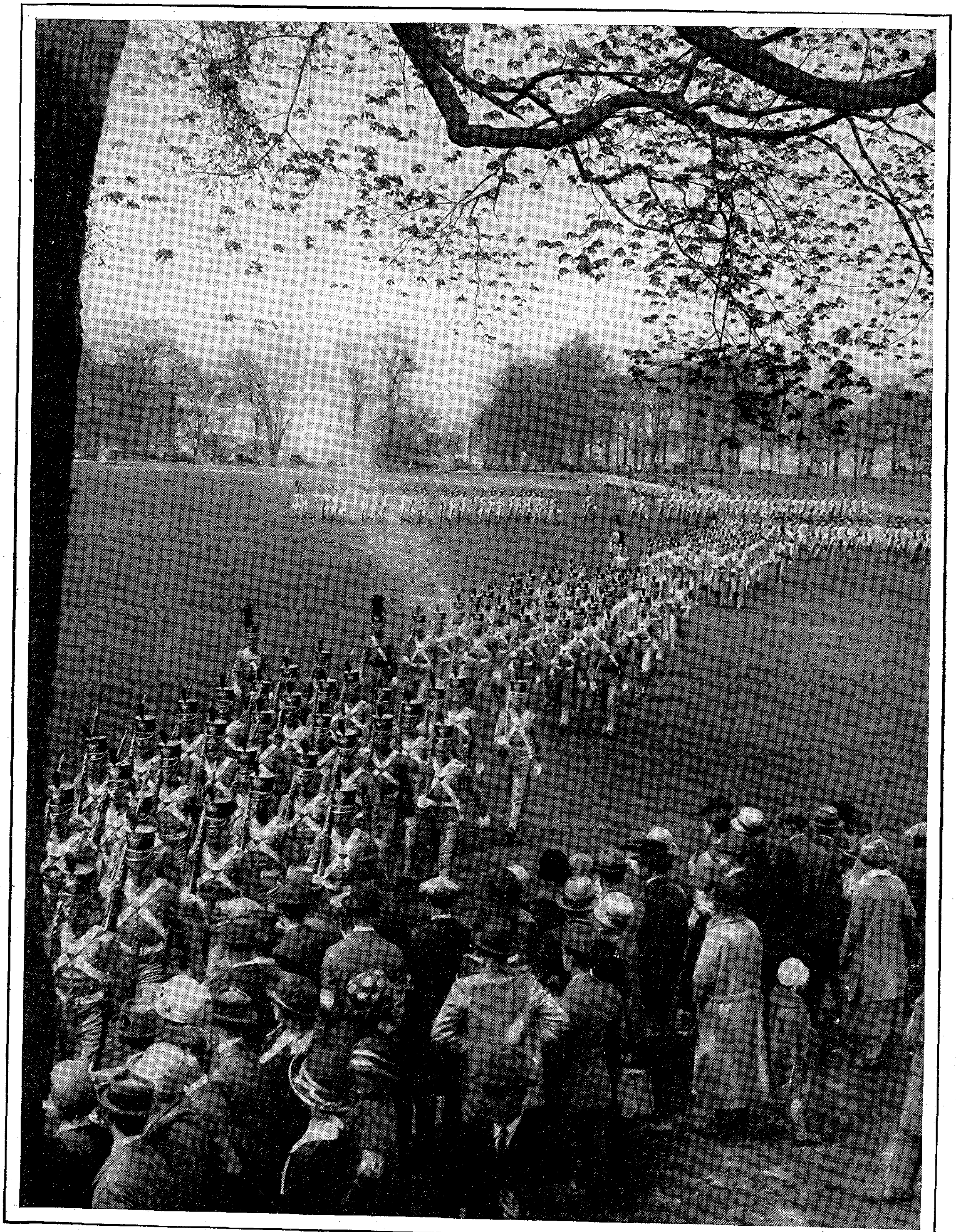


International

AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN CHINA

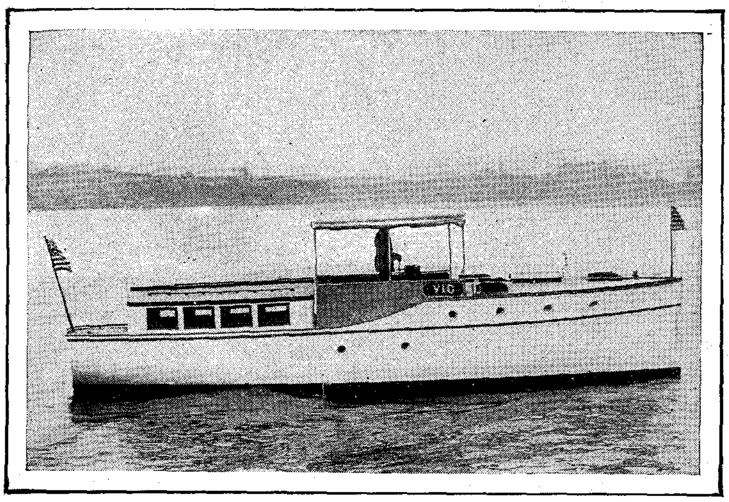
Here are a company of American infantry at Tangshan, China, part of a detachment that guard the railway lines to the coast. They will, it is announced, be ordered to the district infested by the bandits who recently captured Americans

OF "REGIONS CAESAR NEVER KNEW"

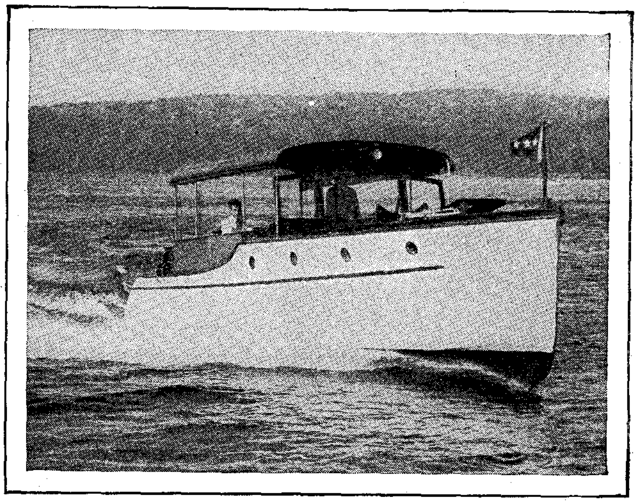


WEST POINT CADETS REVIEWED BY VISITORS FROM THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE CONFERENCE

The splendidly drilled students of the United States Military Academy are seen in the above picture marching past the police chiefs from many of the countries of the world, assembled as visitors at West Point, accompanied in some cases by their families



A 30-FOOT STANDARDIZED CRUISER, ECONOMICAL TO RUN, AND WITH A FORWARD AND AN AFTER CABIN, FOR PRIVACY



A 38-FOOT CRUISER THAT CAN "STEP RIGHT ALONG." SHE HAS A COMMODIOUS BRIDGE DECK AMIDSHIPS

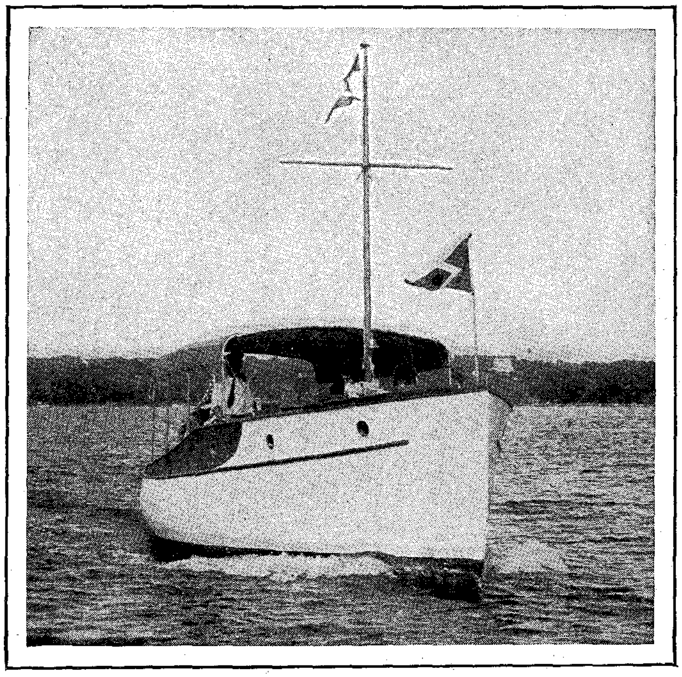
THE SMALL POWER CRUISER

A CRAFT THAT HAS MADE POSSIBLE THE USE OF MANY WATERS—THE BUSY MAN'S BOAT

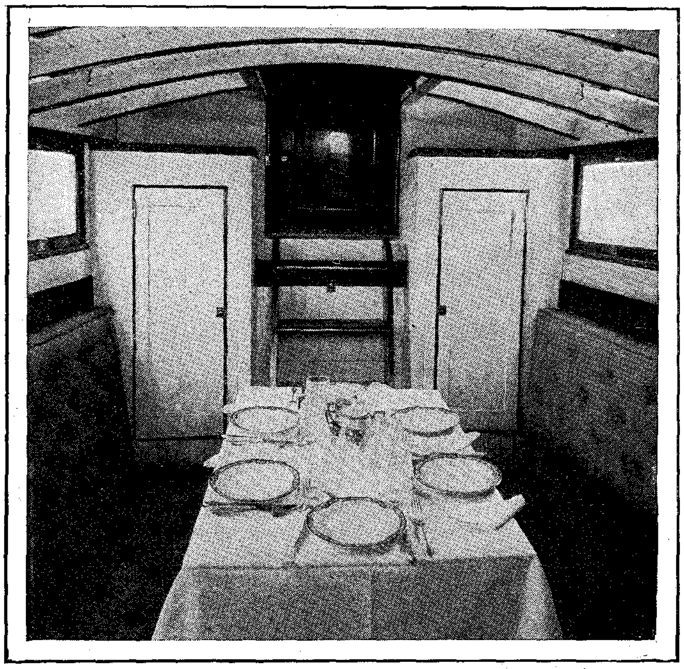
BY HERBERT L. STONE

"MONKEY-WRENCH sailors" was the name applied, half in jest and half in earnest, to the skippers of power boats by their brethren of the sail when the internal-combustion engine first brought a new type of pleasure craft to the use of those who felt the call of the sea urging them to get out on blue water. There seemed to be a lurking suspicion that the lure of the machine was stronger than the lure of the sea and that a man who took to power boating instead of sail was more of a mechanic than a sailor. But down at the bottom of any desire to "see the wheels go round" was the urge of the sea and the love of a boat, with the possibilities of handling her under varying conditions of wind and weather and the chance that she offered of exploring strange waters.

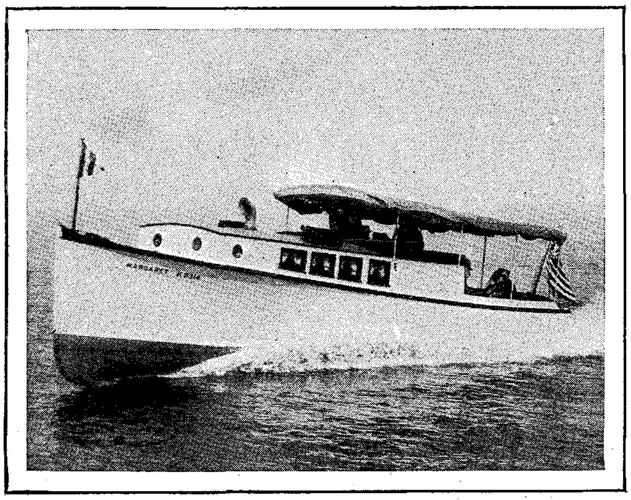
Now the great thing that this new type of power did was to bring pleasure boating within the reach of thousands who can now gratify their love of boating because it opened up waters that are not suitable for sailing. By its reliability also it has made the owning of a boat possible by those whose time is limited and who are so tied down to regular hours of business or work that they could not trust the unreliability of the summer winds to get them back after a week-end or vacation on the water. The proof of



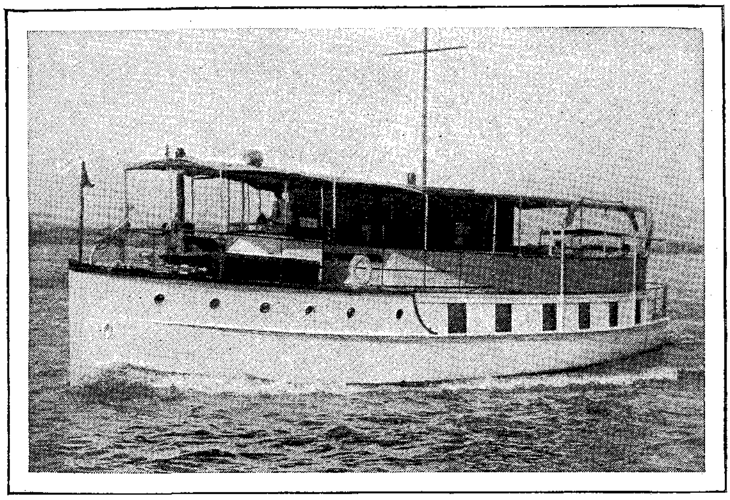
A 32-FOOTER THAT HAS ALL KINDS OF ROOM ON HER. SHE WILL "SLEEP" SIX PERSONS AND MAKE TEN MILES AN HOUR



THE CABIN OF A 35-FOOTER SET FOR A MEAL. THIS SAME CABIN CAN BE MADE UP TO "SLEEP" FOUR PEOPLE



MARGARET, A 40-FOOTER WITH GOOD DECK ROOM AND A COMFORTABLE AND AIRY CABIN



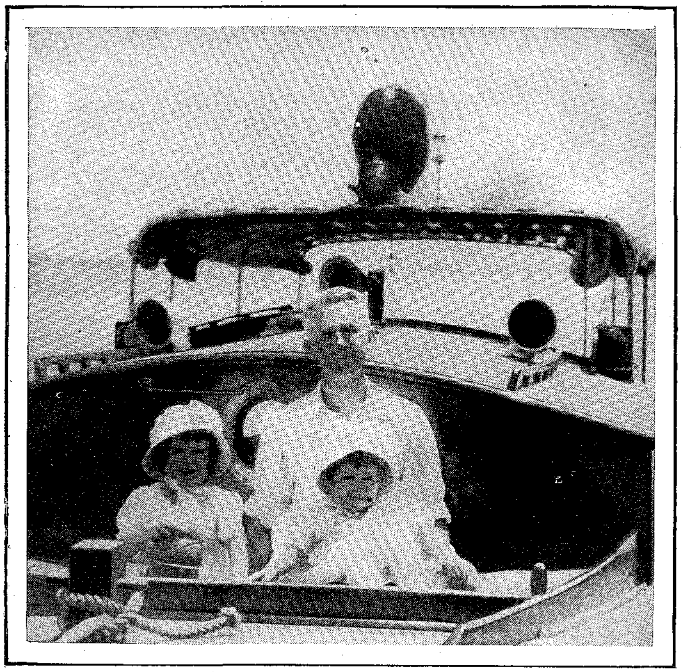
A 60-FOOT HOUSE-BOAT WITH ALL THE COMFORTS OF A HOUSE ASHORE. SPEED ABOUT TEN MILES AN HOUR

this, if proof is needed, is the fact that to-day power boats for pleasure purposes far outnumber the sailing craft, and their owners are tasting the joys of boat handling and are learning seamanship (and also something of mechanics) from coast to coast and on almost every waterway in the entire country that boasts over two feet of water.

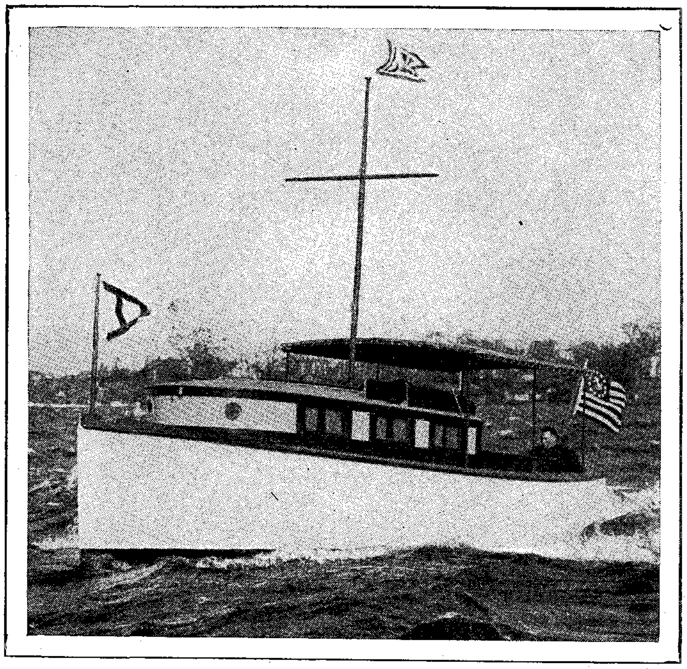
While at first most of the attention in power boats was given to the power plant and very little was paid to the proper design of the boat—anything that would float the engine being thought sufficient—naval architects soon studied the proposition seriously, and began turning out boats with the proper elements of design, seaworthiness, and conservation of power until to-day small power boats are being built capable of going anywhere that a small boat can go and really suited to the uses to which they are put.

While there are a great many waters, such as our inland lakes and rivers, where only a small, open boat or runabout suitable for a few hours' run or for afternoon trips is possible and where boats for this purpose have been brought to a high stage of development, probably the real lure is in the small cruiser in which one can spend his week-ends afloat and during the short vacation period which is allotted to most of us can take an extended cruise with a snug cabin in which the "crew" can be comfortable and dry under all conditions. In such a craft one can have the satisfaction, known only to the cruiser, of dropping anchor in some sheltered harbor after the day's run is over and preparing a real meal to be eaten in comfort in the cabin, and then, as the stars come out overhead, can turn in for a good night's rest while the little boat tugs gently at her cable. It is to the latter type that this short article is to be confined. In comparison with automobile touring or camping, the man who owns a good cruising boat has his brother of the road backed off the map.

As to the proper size of boat which one must have to combine all the essentials of a successful cruiser, I can merely say that the size only depends on the length of the owner's pocketbook and the number of persons he desires to take with him. One wants to remember always that the *size* of a boat does not mean safety, and may not mean even added comfort, as a properly designed small boat is able to go anywhere that the average man wants to take her, while if she is prop-



AFLOAT, WITH ALL THE FAMILY ABOARD FOR THE WEEK-END ON A BOAT ONLY FORTY FEET LONG OVER ALL



A STOCK CRUISER, 33 FEET LONG, AND A FINE PRODUCT OF STANDARDIZATION IN BOAT MANUFACTURE erly thought out excellent accommodations can be had in very small space. Power boats in which two can cruise successfully can be had from 20 feet in length up, but a length of 25 feet is about as small as any one can reasonably expect to get decent cabin accommodations in and sufficient deck or cockpit room to give the minimum of comfort, for one does not want to overlook the fact that in summer cruising most of the time is spent *outside* the cabin and that the latter is used only for sleeping purposes and for cooking.

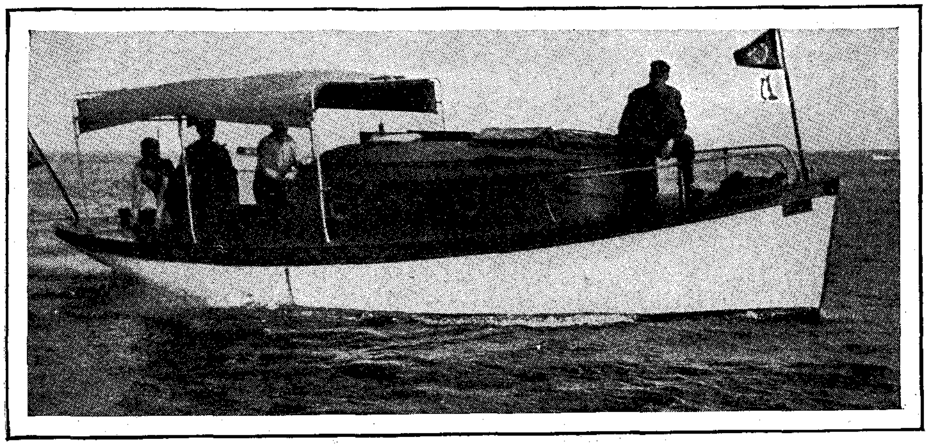
With the building of standardized boats of stock design, good little cruisers of about 25 feet in length and with a speed of from eight to nine miles an hour can be purchased for from $1,200 to $2,000, depending on where they are built and on the make of engine installed. It is always a saving in money to buy a boat of standardized design made by a builder who specializes in a certain type, just as in sailboats it is cheaper to buy in a one-design class where a number of boats are built from similar plans and over the same molds.

A boat of 25 feet in length can have two good-sized sleeping transoms or berths, a small galley, an ice-box, a toilet and folding basin, and a cockpit some ten feet in length with room for a wide after seat and several deck chairs. The cost of operation and upkeep of such a boat is small, as no paid hand need be carried on boats under 40 feet in length, and the owner is his own skipper and engineer. This is always an advantage, as it does away with the trouble that often comes with a paid hand, who must be always considered. The fuel consumption in a boat of this size is almost a negligible factor, running from four to six cents per mile. The winter storage and launching charges do not run over $100 where the boat is hauled out at some boat yard, and the painting, overhauling of the engine, and outfitting each year should not amount to more than another $100, especially if the owner does any of the work himself.

On 30 feet in length the cabin accommodations can be greatly increased, giving more elbow-room, full headroom, and sleeping accommodations for four in two lower and two upper berths. Practically all of the boats built nowadays are of the raised-deck type, which adds to the room below and to the general airiness of the cabin. A 30-footer will probably cost from $2,000 to $2,500 or $3,000, the variation depending on the finish and the power.

Getting up to 35 feet much more in the way of accommodations can be had, with the privacy and comfort of a small stateroom. It is always an advantage to have a stateroom if there are women in the party, and, while on a small boat there may not be much "state" in them, it is mighty handy to keep the sleeping quarters of a small boat out of the main cabin as much as possible. A 35-footer will cost anywhere from $3,000 to $5,000. It is almost impossible to give exact figures on first cost of these boats, as builders' prices vary greatly for the same size of boat, and the requirements of different owners vary just as much.

On 40-foot length one can get a *real* boat with all the comforts of a summer cottage or bungalow, and in this one can take a month's cruise without the friction which is usually present when several people are living for any length of time in very close quarters. A boat of this size will sleep from four to six very comfortably, with ample galley room and equipment for getting real meals on a long cruise. The upkeep of such a boat, while more than for the 25-footer, does not increase very greatly with the size until one begins to carry a paid crew. With a 25 horse-power to 30 horse-power engine the fuel consumption would be from three to three and a half gallons per hour, or from seven to eight cents per mile, while the storage and outfitting expenses might run up to $300 or $400 per year, depending somewhat on the amount of work found necessary on the engine and the electric-lighting plant.

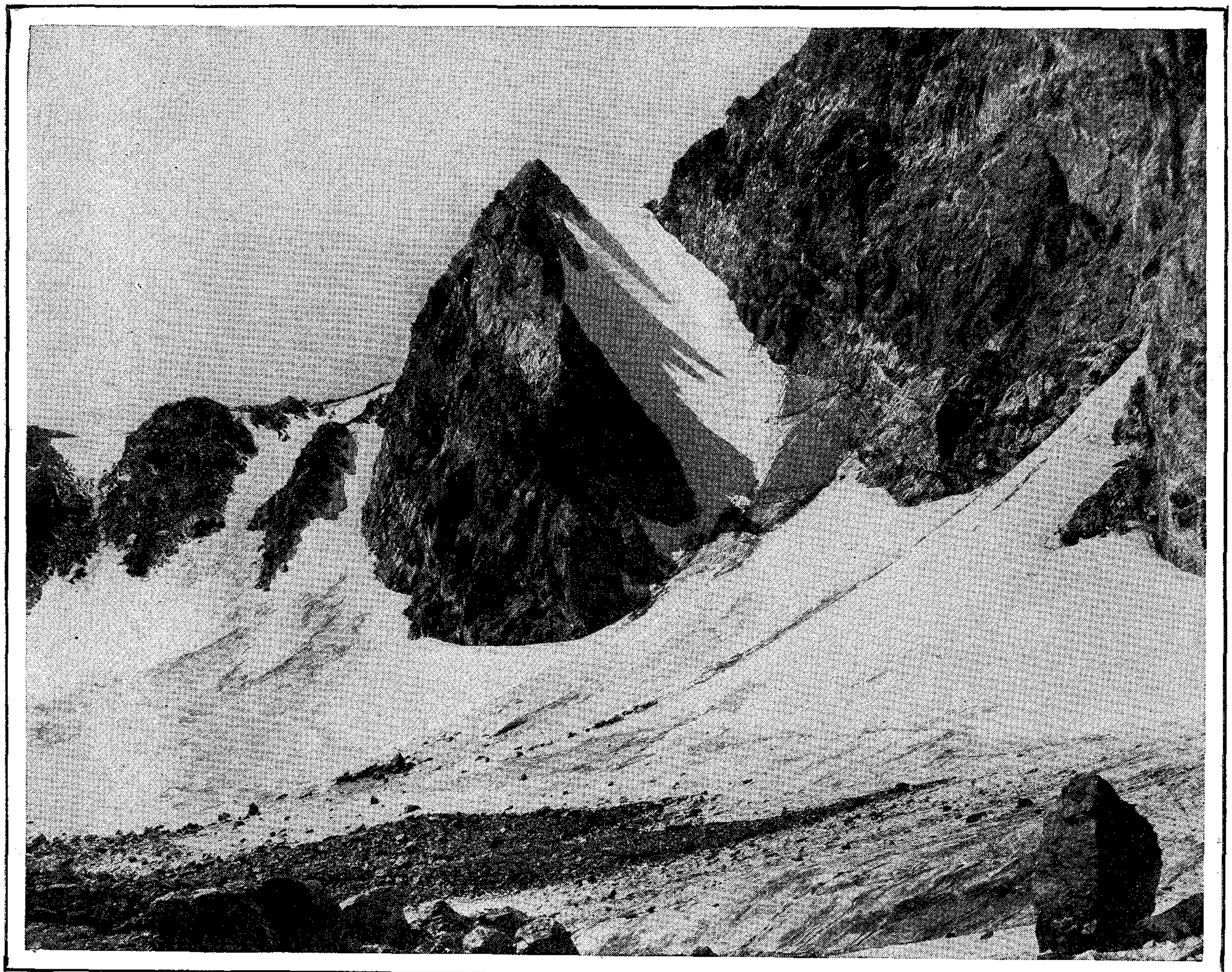


A TYPICAL 25-FOOTER WITH A 10 H. P. MOTOR. IT IS SUCH LITTLE CRAFT AS THIS THAT ARE USED WHEREVER THERE IS ENOUGH WATER TO FLOAT A BOAT—AND THERE IS ROOM FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY IN THEM

To meet the desire for more room and comfort than the small power cruiser furnishes, a new type of power boat has been evolved in the last ten years, known as a power house-boat—a craft that has the flexibility and cruising radius of the power boat, but with greater comfort below and with more deck space. Power house-boats can be had in stock models from 45 feet in length upwards, although in the smaller sizes it is difficult to get as well-proportioned a craft as it is in boats from 50 to 60 feet in length.

Power house-boats usually have better ventilation below by using square windows instead of the usual portholes, and it is possible on a 50-footer to have a large living-room, a fine galley, and two staterooms with real beds in them instead of berths, while most of them use the top of the cabin for a full-length deck, with a little deck-house in which meals can be served or which furnishes shelter in rainy or bad weather. With awnings stretched fore and aft one can be as comfortable in a boat of this kind for a whole summer afloat as he could be in a summer cottage ashore, while he has the added advantage of being able to pull up his hook and go on to some other harbor when the spirit moves him and he has exhausted the charm of his late anchorage.

In any power boat it is necessary, in order to get the most satisfaction out of the boat, to have the proper type of engine. So often one sees a tremendous waste of power because owners will insist on trying to drive the hull faster than it is designed to be driven, and frequently one sees high-speed engines used in cruising boats where moderate or slow speeds would give better results and less trouble. The man who wants to go cruising, likes comfort with a capital C, and desires freedom from worry should not try to get too much speed out of his boat. Speeds up to twelve miles per hour can be obtained with medium speed, medium duty motors that will be both economical and reliable, and it is better to cut down on the speed somewhat for the sake of reliability. In a boat under 30 feet long, if one goes through the water nine or ten miles an hour it is plenty fast enough, and even at this rate a glance over the side at the water slipping by will make him believe he is doing fourteen or fifteen miles. Speeds not over ten miles in a little boat are fast enough except for those bitten by the speed bug. Bear this in mind when purchasing your first cruiser.



U. S. Forest Service Photo

ARAPAHO GLACIER, COLORADO NATIONAL FOREST

OUR MOST ACCESSIBLE GLACIERS

BY ARTHUR H. CARHART

THE possibility of being able to ride in a comfortable motor car to the very top of an active glacier located on the backbone of continental United States is almost assured. The fact that a person can leave a city of a quarter million people and between dawn and bedtime pay a round-trip visit to a glacier, slide down its face, look into its crevasses and shiver in the breeze scooting over the ice-field, is not generally known.

These glaciers are real ice rivers. They move forward each year, have a terminal moraine, lateral moraine, one has a terminal lake, and they all have a *Bergschrund*, crevasses, and other attributes which brand them as true glaciers. They are remnants of greater glaciers that in the last ice age hung on the crest of the continent and gouged out the scenic canyons of the Rockies. They can never lay claim to being the biggest, the most awe-inspiring, or the most active glaciers in our country, but they are unquestionably the most accessible active glaciers that we possess.

The most easily reached is the Arapaho Glacier, the largest glacier in Colorado's Rockies, lying between the two pinnacles of Arapaho Peak within the Colorado National Forest. It is this one that some day in the near future probably will be reached by an auto highway. Funds for such a road are allotted to the project. It will pass within a few rods of the head of the ice-sheet, and the traveler may step out of the machine and in a stride or two stand on age-old ice which is a part of the main body.

At the present time this glacier can be reached from Denver, Colorado, in one long day's journey. Leaving Denver at dawn, an hour's ride by interurban takes the traveler to Boulder. Here an auto transportation system operates to take the passenger to within three miles of the glacier. From there on the journey must be by horse or on foot. As it is possible to reach the end of the auto road by eleven in the morning, it gives one five hours to reach the glacier, look it over, and return to the car in time to reach Boulder for dinner in the evening and Denver for lodging.

The other three, all slightly smaller, are the Isabelle and Saint Vrain Glaciers, both within the Colorado National Forest, on the eastern slope of the Continental Divide, and the Fair Glacier, within the Arapaho National Forest, opposite the Isabelle Glacier and on the west slope.

The Arapaho Glacier is complete. It has the typical ice crevasses, the scoring by water running over the face of the ice, both moraines are present, annular rings are distinct, and some rather fearsome ice caverns yawn in the crevasses.

During the summer of 1921 with two companions I visited the Arapaho and the other three ice rivers of the group. The sweep of the Arapaho ice-sheet from where we first beheld it is rather numbing. It is impossible to grasp its magnitude. Only when people are seen crossing it can one realize its immensity. People crawling over the face of it appear as small as insects from the upper overlook point.

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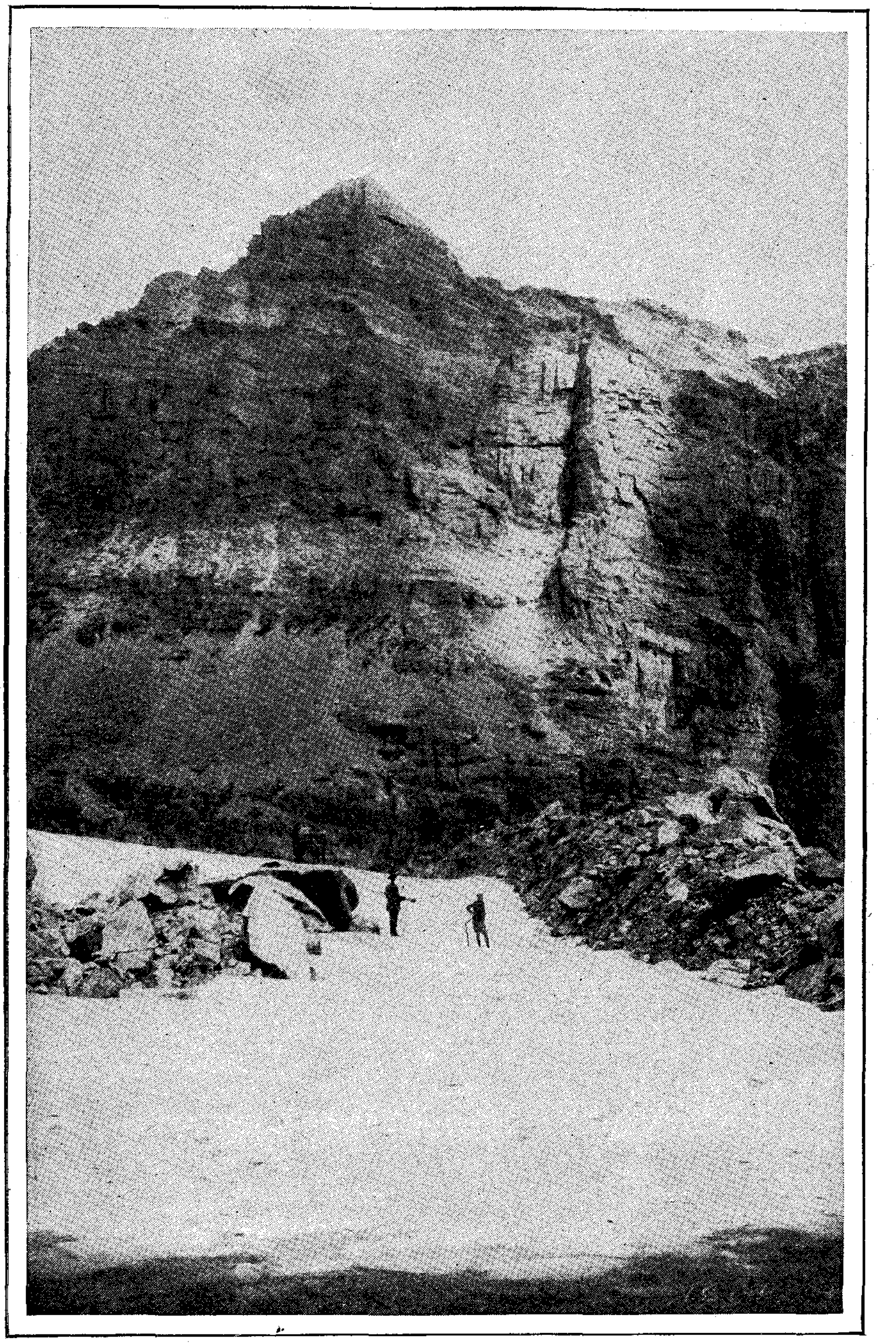


U. S. Forest Service Photo

OGALALLA PEAK FROM ST. VRAIN GLACIER

Descending from this point by a very abrupt trail, one can quickly reach the lower reaches of the glacier.

The little blue lake at the snout has an ice shore on one side and rocks on the other side. Beyond it towards the mountain one can look into the ice cracks. During our visit two of us went out into the field of crevasses and pitched stones down in an effort to determine their depth. The slippery surface combined with the fact that there were only about three feet of slanting ice between crevasses and that they were gaping open six or eight feet wide and to a depth that we did not determine, caused us to turn back. The steely blue of the ice was not inviting, and we had no rope to protect us from cascading into one of these fissures. Nor would we have been able to get one of our party out of a crevasse if he had slipped.

An old glacier which was not less than nine miles in length long ago occupied the valley below. This is readily evident when one looks from the walls of the canyon above. Several typical glacial lakes mirror mountain, cloud, and timber. Closer examination shows the rocks planed off and considerable scoring on their surfaces. Near the present glacier the tumbled mass of rocks which forms the terminal moraine makes traveling generally difficult and sometimes extremely dangerous.

Arapaho Peak, which cradles this ice-sheet, is worthy of special mention. It is a ragged, upthrusting mountain with two major pinnacles topping all. One of these points is at the southern end of the glacial sheet, while the other is at a point near the northern limits of the ice-field. The latter is the higher of the two, and, while it is not as high as many of the peaks in the State of high mountains, it is considered by experienced climbers to be one of the more difficult climbs. In order to reach the north peak it is necessary to follow a narrow ridge between it and the south peak. The "country" drops away abruptly from either side, and it takes a cool head and good nerve to make the trip.

The Isabelle glacier is the smallest of the three glaciers in the Colorado Forest. It clings to the sides of Navajo Peak, a pinnacle which is as rugged as the crest of Arapaho. The ice-sheet is not so large by a third as the Arapaho Glacier and the terminal lake is lacking. Otherwise the Isabelle is complete—the only remaining ice mass of an old glacier which gouged out four beautiful lakes below and planed and scored the rocks of the canyon floor.

This glacier, with the Fair Glacier just over the rock wall, which here is the high point of the Continental Divide, is reached from Ward, Colorado, by foot or on horseback. The best method is to take a camping outfit and stay overnight below Isabelle Lake, which is about a mile below the glacier. An added inducement for most people to tarry here is the possibility of catching some fighting trout from the lake, which is filled with waters from the ice-field above.

A trip over the top of the continent is necessary to reach a point where the Fair Glacier may be viewed. Clinging to the jagged west side of Navajo Peak, this glacier, the smallest of the group of four, is the very embodiment of a natural force dying in the midst of its accomplishments.

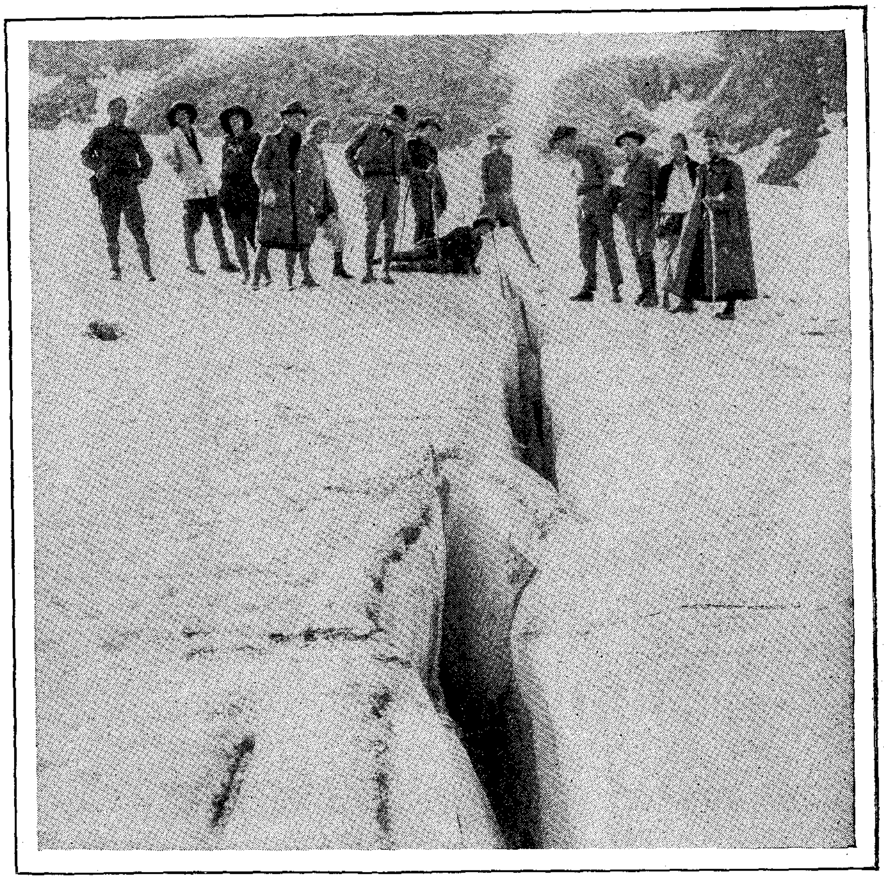
Long ago the Fair Glacier was a great ice river. It ground and gouged as it twisted down the sides of the mountains. To-day its old basin is called Hell Hole because of the rough, craggy walls that tower on every hand. Deep in this untamed chasm lies Crater Lake, a jewel in a rough setting. It is so deep that it is almost black, and around it are miniature parks, little clumps of spruce and great boulders dropped there when the ice receded. Although a mountain lake of moderate size, it is dwarfed by the sweep of the Hell Hole.

Another lake sparkles amid the rocks below the glacier. It is not blue black, but of a chalky tint due to the rock flour that is carried into it from the glacier above. Between it and the glacier is a tumbled moraine of loose boulders, showing that the ice at one time reached the lake below, but has since receded, leaving the rocky zone between it and the lake it formed.

The Saint Vrain Glacier may be reached from the little post-office settlement of Peaceful Valley or from near-by resorts. A trip of eight or nine miles by horse or on foot is necessary before starting the last hard climb to the glacier. But it is worth it, for there are twin glaciers here, thought by many to be the most beautiful of the group.

From end to end of the Saint Vrain Glacier is a longer distance than across the Arapaho, but the Saint Vrain does not have a terminal lake, is nearly cut in two parts by a ridge, and is the most inaccessible. It is not as well known locally as some of the others and has not been so much written about and talked of. Because of the many beauties *en route* through the canyon of the Saint Vrain, the wilderness spirit that hovers around it, and its intrinsic beauty, the Saint Vrain has a charm equal to any of the others.

Any of these glaciers may be reached by a two-day trip from Denver, Boulder, Longmont, or near-by smaller cities. The best time to visit them is after the first of September, for then one gets the best opportunity for seeing the crevasses and ice caverns. But from the middle of June on it is possible for one to make a start from one of the portal cities, see the glaciers, and get back in forty-eight hours. But all must recognize two facts limiting this statement. The first is that one must have the necessary physical ability and determination to reach the glaciers. The second is much more liable to happen, and this is that one visiting this area is very likely to find that the charm there is so great, the fascination of the Forest so potent, that forty-eight hours will not seem enough time to spend there. A full week or a month, or even more, may be enjoyed in covering the glacier region of the Colorado and Arapaho National Forests, where are America's most accessible glaciers, hung amid the craggy tops of the continent's backbone.



Photograph by Tanger, Boulder, Colorado

A CREVASSE ON ARAPAHO

MAKE ROOM FOR THE TURKEY

BY ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

IN the really brave old days venturesome men sallied forth; the comparative degree of the pipingness of these times may be judged by the fact that I, hazard-bound, merely lizzied forth. But in the course of one dark hour the stanch little car had brought me fifteen miles and into the wildest of lone valleys. It was the mystic hour before dawn; and as I stepped out of the car, brought to a halt in the lee of a deserted barn, I was aware of myriads of splendid stars, of the long expanse of the narrow valley sparkling with frost, of the ancient calmness of the sleeping hills. A wild moon was homing toward the haunted west. I stood in enchanted retirement, intimately sequestered by the solitary night.

Before I had slouched out of my overcoat, stripped thus for mountain-climbing, I heard from a lost glen a wild greeting—or warning. Utterly savage, gloriously primeval, as elemental as the candid mountains, came the rasping bark, hacked forth negligently.

"Red fox," I said; and it thrilled me to think that one would be so comparatively near to civilization—for what was it that I heard roaring away across the mountains? Was it not a B. and O. freight, agonizing up a grade, blowing like a behemoth?

Weirdly, from the inviolate dusk of certain hemlocks ominously draping the creek-bank, a great horned owl intoned to the fox an answer which was suitably mysterious. Far through the valley sounded his soft and melancholy note; and if there's a sound in this world more eerie than the voice of this great night-harrier, I have never heard it. Now silence fell; intense, starry, lustrous. I seemed to be in virginal Eden—a place all sparkling, glimmering, and tenderly breathed over by the hale odors of dewy pines, damp hickory leaves, and ripened fox grapes. Immense yet intimate, all the world was chill and sweet, wistful and maidenly.

Leaving my faithful car beside the dark road, I slithered down a bank on which lay a litter of woods-earth and loose stones. Amiably I avalanched about thirty yards to the level of the creek. This I waded, crossed an ancient meadow, deep in natural hay, now glossy with rime, and entered the woods on the lowest slope of the mountains.

High above me, fringing the tall ridges rosily, the lights of dawn were showing. All the forest was mystically passing from the beauty of starlight to the beauty of dawn. On all sides I seemed to see faint welcomes and sad-gleaming farewells. Up an old mountain road I passed, traversed what had been a mountaineer's orchard, dipped into the hushed fragrance of a pine thicket, and emerged at the mouth of a wild sweet glen down which came stealing, with shy music made among the rocks under

REFUGE LINE, SHOWING POSTERS AND ONE STRAND OF WIRE WHICH SURROUNDS THE REFUGE, STATE GAME REFUGE NO. 18, MIFFLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

the drifted leaves, a tiny rill. From this point forward I walked carefully; for I knew that this was wild-turkey country. Only three hours from Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, or Pittsburgh I was, yet in the very heart of a region where the great American bird has superbly re-established himself, to the infinite delight of every lover of wild life and to the pride and joy of the Pennsylvania sportsmen. The splendid native has returned; and his re-entry into his ancient domain is one of the most enchanting stories of conservation, bordering on the romantic, and almost on the miraculous.

Four hundred yards from the pine thicket I paused in a thicket of second-growth sprouts to reconnoiter. Not far off I heard a piece of bark fall. I knew that a squirrel must have dislodged it, or else that a turkey had become restless on his roost and had kicked it loose. In the woods every sound is likely to mean something. Looking up through the trees, I saw the flaring dawn, a faint and fading star, and, assuredly, certain great black shapes in the tall oaks and chestnuts. They were turkeys, still on the roost. Counting them, I numbered fourteen; but I knew that there must be others a little farther up the glen that I could not see. In the faint fog rising from the stream, the birds looked huge. One became querulous and gave a soft call. This was the old mother. Now they began to ruffle their feathers and to crane their necks. They would soon be flying down. I stole a few yards closer, and from ambush behind a mighty poplar I watched an old gobbler go through a lazy awakening. He shifted his weight, seemed to shuffle his No. 10 shoes, thrust forth his head prodigiously, wobbled his tail to shake off the dew, and then settled back in heavy contentment.

But the younger birds were more restless. One sailed down, and I was surprised at the little noise it made. Others joined it. Soon the whole flock was on the ground. They were so close to me that I could see every movement. They were of course foraging; but they were not yet scratching in earnest. In the leaves on the slopes of the glen the turkeys made as much noise as a troop of cavalry. A single bird seemed to make as much disturbance as a man walking carelessly. But there was a certain constant vigilance. There were alert pauses, crafty listenings, liftings of snaky blue heads in acute wariness. Once I saw an old gobbler pause while he had a great footful of leaves drawn back only half as far as he intended to pull it. He thought he detected a sound that he did not like, or else he was aware of the noise he was making. This scene was to me as arresting almost as would be one in Sherwood, with Maid Marian and the others stealing through the glimmering forest.

Taking the back track, I climbed the ridge to the north of where the turkeys were feeding, intending to keep above them so as to study them better. I had gained the crest of the ridge when a weird sound literally burst over me. Comparable to the howling of a shell, it had something like wild, mad music in it. Looking up, I saw two gobblers coming. They had roosted high up on the mountain, a mile above me, and were now sailing down to feed.

This sailing of wild turkeys down the long slope of a mountain is one of the sights of nature which affects me deeply. Launching forth on their great wings, these proud and stately birds volplane roaring down over the tree-tops at cyclone speed. A teal duck flying on a straight stretch of river has been accurately timed as making a hundred and twenty miles an hour. Turkeys, during this superb aerial coasting maneuver, assuredly make not less than a mile and a half a minute. These two that I saw joined the flock feeding below me.

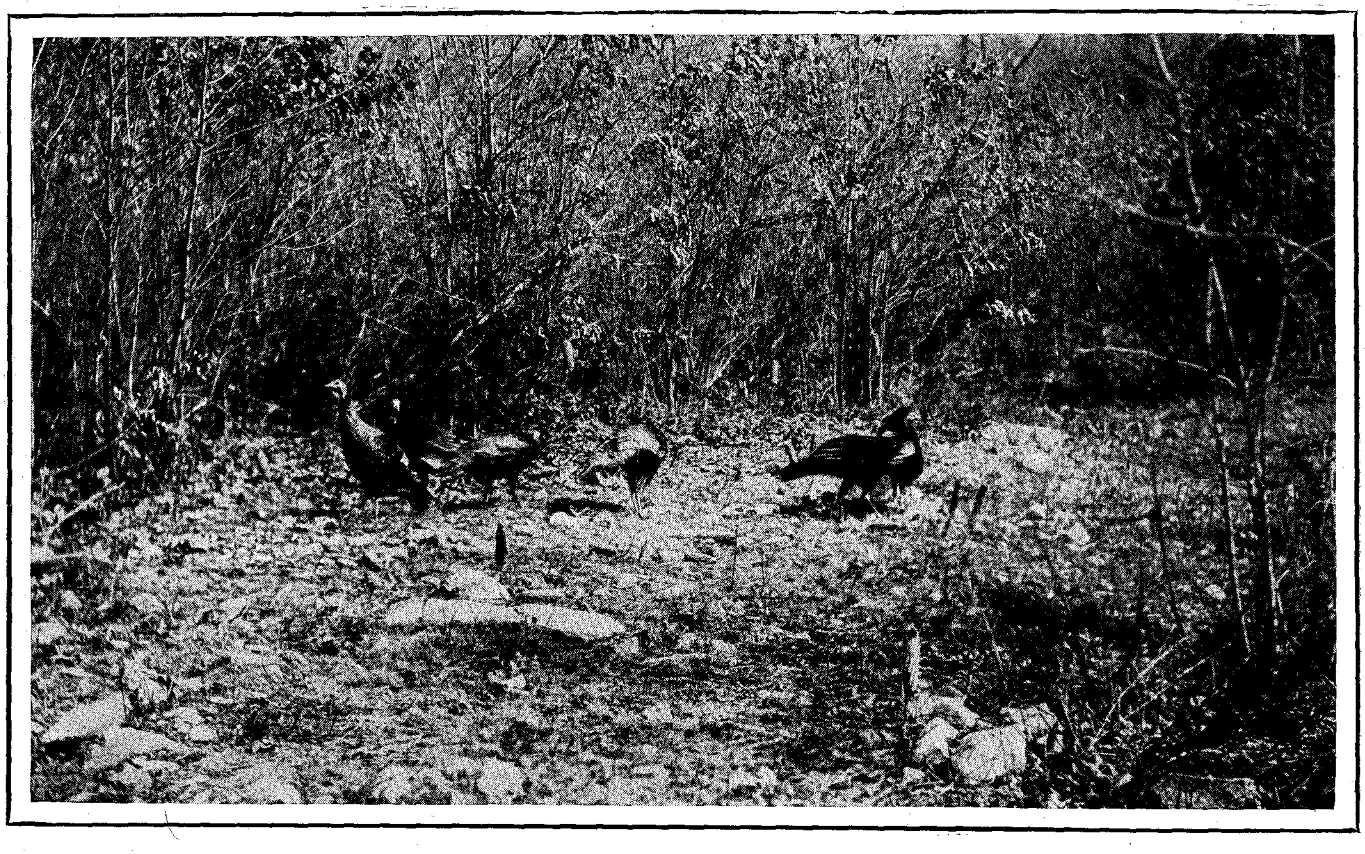
And on what were they feeding? As the time was November, they got little animal food save a few indiscreet beetles and grubs which had either not hibernated at all or had done so in slovenly fashion. These turkeys were reveling in fox grapes, with which these particular mountain slopes were riotously draped. Ridge after ridge, mile after mile, mountain after mountain, extended this wild vineyard. Never anywhere have I seen so many wild grapes. On these the turkeys were feeding; and on chestnuts, acorns, berries of greenbrier, teaberries, sumac, hips of wild rose, mast from the mountain pines. Indeed, this mast is a favorite food. The ruffed grouse and the turkey thrive on the same kind of food; but the turkey will, whenever occasion offers, stray into cultivated fields after gleanings of grain. When hard winter settles over the hills, the turkey will eat some buds, which then constitute the chief fare of the grouse. But throughout the winter the turkeys depend largely on what they can scratch up from beneath the dead leaves. In Pennsylvania, however, the foresters regularly feed the turkeys, as do also many sportsmen.

After watching this first flock for some hours, I went northward along the rolling ridges, through this wild vineyard. I started a covey of six ruffed grouse—an unusual experience anywhere to-day outside of a preserve. Other turkeys I saw; several single birds, once a flock of five, again a flock of seven. From behind a stump on the sunny side of a ravine I started the red fox. I haven't decided which of us was the more surprised at seeing the other. Two miles from where the first turkeys were seen I ran into a flock even larger. The woods were literally full of these magnificent game birds. And for fifteen miles on either side of the narrow valley this same kind of country extended. Into this region the great native has returned—perhaps not in all his original glory, but with sufficient splendor.

How has this result been obtained? Well, the sentiment in the region is favorable to the project. Game laws amount to nothing when sportsmen make up their minds to be lawless. But here sportsmen have a good association; no man hunts out of season (at least there is the strongest sentiment against it), the bag limit of one turkey a season is kept, and any infraction of the law is dealt with summarily and rigorously. The wild turkeys have come back, therefore, because the local sportsmen almost unanimously insist that they be dealt with fairly.

Again, a competent Game Department has taken care of the restocking. It has been found that for propagating purposes ordinary bronze turkey hens mate quite readily with wild gobblers; and the turkeys so reared are as wild as the most exacting sportsman could wish. Mountaineers have told me that they have stopped trying to raise tame turkeys because just as soon as the mating time comes and the wild birds begin to call, the tame ones will literally take to the woods and will be seen no more. I remember that on our plantation in South Carolina the finest turkeys we ever had were raised from tame hens and a wild gobbler. In Pennsylvania this restocking of the mountains with turkeys has been systematic, and it has proved most effective. There is no reason why there should not be wild turkeys in every State in the Union, unless the proper sentiment cannot be created. It seems to me that in this case, as in a great many others, sentiment is our only salvation against a materialism that would ruin us. A materialist sees in a wild turkey only so many pounds of meat. This great native can return only to those regions where the materialists are in the minority.

In Pennsylvania there is a strict law against calling turkeys. I think the law should insist that every one who hunts turkeys should call them. Every one does, at any rate. During the season the woods are noisy with squawky boxes and squeaky bones. And these are great warnings to turkeys. The genuine calling of a turkey is really a high art, and not one hunter in a hundred can perform the feat. Besides, turkeys come to a call only after they have been scattered; at least, that rule is generally true. But at present the calling of turkeys certainly does the birds no harm, whereas it affords many an amateur woodsman a stern and thrilling satisfaction. He can tell the family when he returns home empty-handed that he never heard his old call working better, but that somehow the birds wouldn't come. And the wise birds, while he is explaining this, will be safely roosted far back in the lonely mountains.



WILD TURKEYS, UNION COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

ST. SYLVIUS

BY ROBERT HILLYER

Ever he loved the wood and field,
The water rushing through the weir,
And so he dropped his knightly shield
And flung away his spear.

He turned from battle and from quest,
From heavenly Grail and earthly feast,
Became the woodland's welcome guest,
The friend of every beast.

And often would he sit and fish
With bait but not a single hook;
No trout lay ever on his dish,—
They fattened in the brook.

And often would he chase the deer,
But seeing none upon the hill
Find twenty browsing without fear
Beside his own doorsill.

He even loved the wicked snake,
Explaining lamely that the devil
Should be well nourished for the sake
Of Him who conquers evil.

Happy he lived with bird and beast,
Well known and well beloved of both.
Two fears alone perturbed his breast:
Death and the sin of sloth.

And still he never fails to wince
At thought of death or mortal taint,—
Not knowing that he died long since
Or that he is a saint.

THE VACATION CAMERA

BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

I ASKED the chief engineer of a city department the other day for some photographs illustrating his work; he said, "I saw a remarkable sight not long ago on my rounds, at a city pier, and only wished I had had a camera along—it would have given me just the picture you want." That might be a good text for a photographic sermon, but I will use it only to emphasize one point—that a pocket camera is a good thing to have and to use, whether we are on a vacation or at home.

It is doubly convenient if we are on a vacation, for the novelty of new surroundings inspires us to make photographic souvenirs of them. Pictures are everywhere, but we somehow feel that there are more of them across the way than on our side of the street. So when we get out of our beaten path we are apt to feel the picture-making urge more strongly than at any other time.

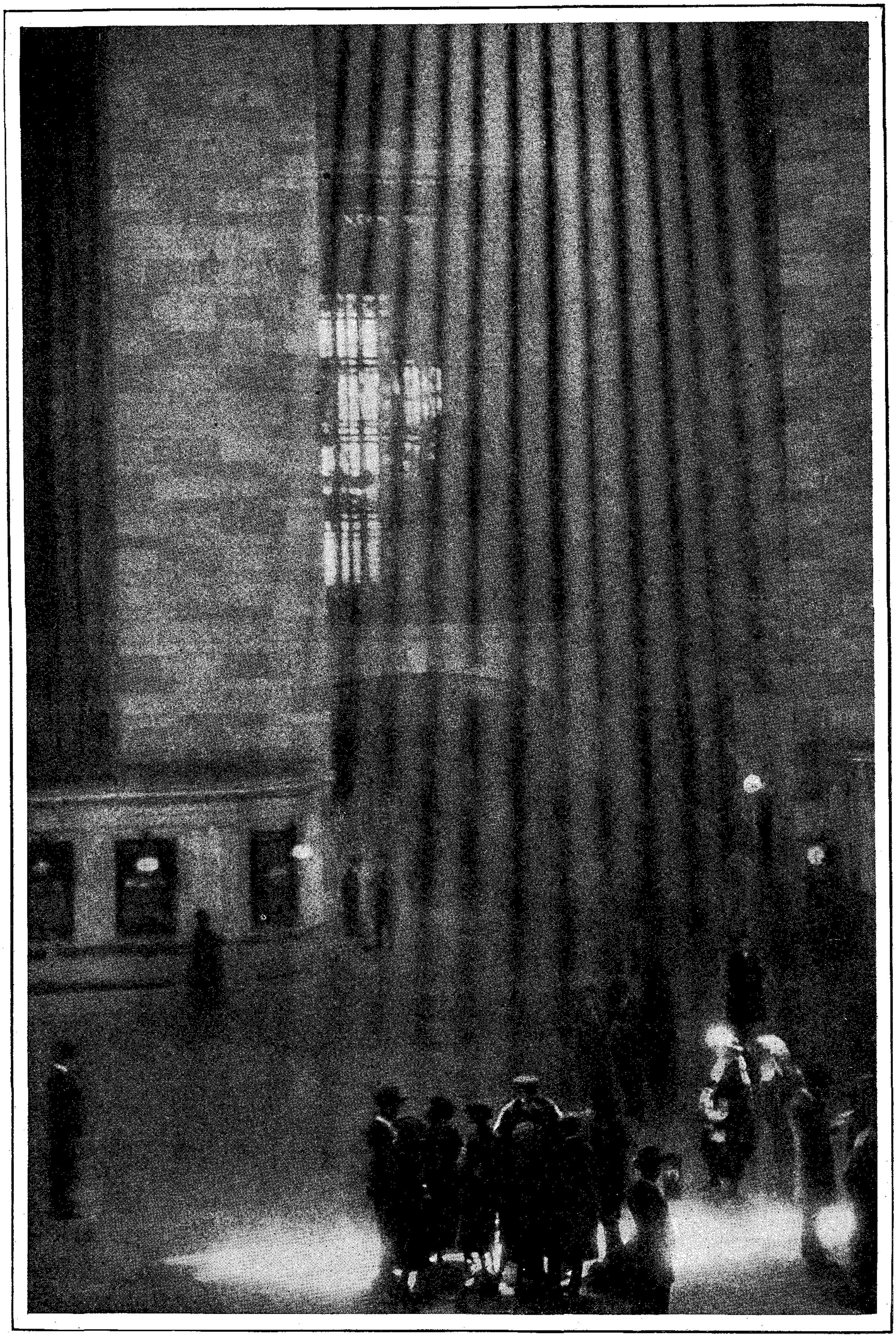
We may take a camera with us for two different objects—to make a record of our travels, so that we may say, "I was at Saratoga Springs when I took that—see, there's one of the Springs;" and the pleasure these records will give us and our friends is not to be despised. Or we may be a trifle more ambitious and try to find the really pictorial aspects of the notable things we see. The equipment for these different objects need not be very different, but the second aim requires much more study and work. Most amateurs are content to make a collection of snap-shots that will sufficiently record their summer's vacation. What kind of an outfit do they need? As a rule, they do not expect to make enlargements of these photographs, but will perhaps paste them in a book for permanent preservation. The vest-pocket sizes of cameras will not make much of a showing for this purpose, and a camera that will make a negative about the size of a post-card is most useful. If you get one of this size, you can have your films printed on velox or bromide post-cards and mail them to your friends, as well as keep duplicates for souvenirs of your vacation. You can buy a simple camera of this sort for about $15, or you can pay $150 or more for a reflex camera making photographs of the same size. The advantage of the reflex camera is mainly this: You have with it a finder that will show you an image the full size of your complete photograph. With this kind of camera you can also photograph flying birds, running horses, airplanes in motion, etc., if you like to take pictures of objects that are moving rapidly.

The cameras that take photographs of post-card size are somewhat bulky, but if you do not care to make enlargements from your films they give you a good, seeable print. If you are willing to go to the trouble and expense of enlarging your photographs, however, you can spare yourself the burden of carrying a large camera by buying a small, good one. Even the vest-pocket camera can be used with signal success in this way. For $8 you can get one of these that you can carry in your coat pocket at least, and that has the important advantage of having a fixed focus, so that you do not have to study a scale of distances while your subject is perhaps moving off. I like to carry one of these in my pocket, summer or winter. You can buy them with fast lenses and slow shutters, if you like, for more money.

Now, about the art side of the subject. What is the best camera to take with you if you want to bring home some "pictorial" photographs?

Here you can do two things. You can buy a 4 × 5 "view" camera with a long bellows, a ground glass through which you can study your subject, a "soft focus" lens, color filters to bring out the clouds in the sky, and dry plates for your negatives. Then you will be equipped for serious work, which you can enlarge, if you wish, to almost any size. This will, however, to produce good results, mean devoting yourself to photography rather than to the enjoyment of your vacation. If you think this worth while, take along also a good book on composition, like Henry R. Poore's "Pictorial Composition" or "Pictorial Composition in Photography," by Arthur Hammond, or a pocket manual like "Exhibition Prints" in the Photo-Miniature series. And remember, with this outfit you are to study figures and landscapes not with the idea of literal depiction of them, but as an artist would interpret his subject, moving from point to point to get the best aspect of it, seeing it under various lightings, composing your picture as he would compose it so far as the limitations of your lens will permit you, and planning first to make a picture that "composes well," and later to get a photograph of fine "print quality"—two things that are necessary in a really good "pictorial photograph."

Or, if all this sounds too much like giving up your vacation for another



Photograph by Henry Hoyt Moore

"READY FOR THE JOURNEY"—AT THE GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL, NEW YORK CITY

This picture, which has been exhibited at several Photographic Salons, was made by enlargement from a film 1⅝ x 2¼ in size (see article on "The Vacation Camera") job, you can compromise by taking along the manual on composition and a cheap fixed-focus box or a vest-pocket camera for your experimenting. Then you can emphasize the study of pictures rather than of your outfit. (And the cheap box is not be despised for real work either, if you learn its capabilities thoroughly. A handsome ten-dollar book on my desk was illustrated throughout with enlargements from an old-fashioned 3½ × 3½ camera of this sort.) Simplicity counts for a whole lot in this matter. And not alone simplicity in your outfit, but in the subjects you choose for your pictures. The beautiful views that you see from a mountain-top can seldom be captured by your camera. A fine tree, or a portion of a lake, or a shadowy pool, or a farmer at work, or an old-fashioned doorway, or a child picking flowers—any of these simple subjects will be more likely to contain the elements of a picture than the wide views that often entrance us. Study light and shade and get deep shadows in your pictures if you want to emphasize your high lights. Get up early in the morning and see how the soft light transforms hard outlines. If you get softness and beauty in your negative, even the professional enlargement, made in haste and on a commercial basis, will in a measure preserve them. But after a while you will get the "bug" and want to make your own negatives and your own enlargements, and then you will be on the way to find the real joy and education that your vacation camera can bring you.

HOW TO ESCAPE THE MOVIES

BY FRANK A. WAUGH

JIM DE LONG'S boys can't go to the movies. Living 35 miles from a post office and 240 miles from a railway, they miss some of the current educational opportunities.

Jim De Long is ranger on the Kaibab National Forest, in northern Arizona, and has seven useful children. The oldest is sixteen and is useful in tending the baby. The baby is a year old and is useful in supplying amusement, occupation, and education to the older ones.

In the Kaibab Forest all about Jacob Lake Ranger Station are wild deer—herds of them, thousands of them. Any day those De Long children can sit on the steps and see the deer in the front yard. They can almost play with them. On their ponies they can ride among them. They watch the bucks grow horns and lose them again. They see the does, with one or two pretty spotted fawns apiece, feeding in the open parks or hiding in the chaparral.

Now if some gay film producer could get pictures of those Kaibab deer in their daily round of life and play, he would have a story good for three reels and a repeat. It would beat the news reel of Jack Dempsey eating ham and eggs for breakfast at his training quarters. It would be as entertaining as seeing a slap-stick comedian drink gasoline from the garage pump. It would be as educational as a picture showing the manufacture of pure Havana cigars in New Haven. The deer would also be as pretty and as graceful and as intelligent as a film of bathing beauties at a California beach. All of this; and yet the aforementioned De Long children see this picture every day for nothing.

If they tire of deer, there are the white-tailed squirrels. Now the white-tailed squirrels are just as interesting as the deer, and much more rare. There are only a few of them when the whole census is taken, and they inhabit nowhere except this Kaibab Forest, preferably in the neighborhood of Jacob Lake Ranger Station, on the same ground as those seven useful young De Longs.

Think of a large gray squirrel, extra large and dark gray; think of him wearing a great bushy pure-white plume of a tail, and that's the rare Kaibab squirrel. He is so rare that the ordinary visitor, speeding along the Forest road in his automobile, sees five hundred deer to each white-tail; quite frequently sees the five hundred deer and misses the squirrels altogether.

So, while this deer could be filmed—any good operator could go down there and get five hundred feet of deer film any sunny day—the squirrels couldn't be touched with the camera. Neither can they be trapped or shot, for this is one of Uncle Sam's game preserves, and Jim De Long himself is there to watch. But the seven De Long kiddies have only to sit on the overturned wash-boiler at the back door and watch those rare and beautiful rodents romping through the tops of the yellow pines and skittering across the ranch yard. Once more the De Long children have stolen a march on the movies.

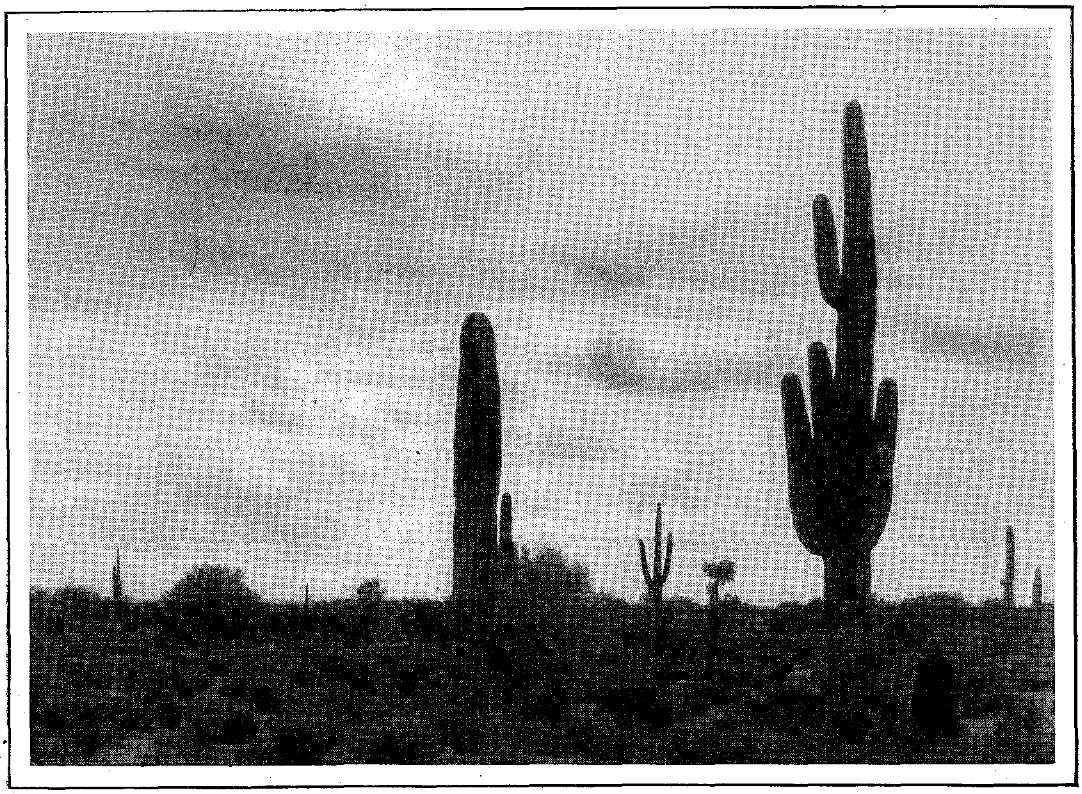
Or, if squirrels are too trifling and unspectacular as a substitute for the movies, there are cougars. For here is the very spot where Teddy Roosevelt came cougar hunting with Jim Owens; and Jim Owens and the cougars still live the nearest neighbors to Jim De Long and his seven well-educated children. Uncle Jim is getting old, but his offer still stands to go out and catch a cougar any day for any dude who wants a guide and has got the price. And if Uncle Jimmy can do it, so can the De Long boys. Leave it to them.

If we left it to them, they would probably lasso the beast. For of course they ride and throw the rope as naturally as a flapper fox-trots. Every one of these children has ridden horseback before he learned to walk. Their facility in these matters is astounding. Here is an incident to illustrate.

Besides deer, white-tailed squirrels, cougars, and buffalo, there are ranging on the Kaibab hundreds of wild horses. These are not strayed cow ponies, but genuinely wild mustangs—"brushies"—the kind you read about in those Thompson Seton stories. Well, this spring the De Long boys found that a band of "brushies" were taking their daily drink at a pool at the foot of a steep spur of Buckskin Mountain. So Billy and Joe, aged fifteen and twelve, took their ponies and their ropes and their well-developed wits and staged a little scenario of their own. One of them hid in the chaparral below the drinking pool, and when the band of wild horses came for water he raised a great hue and cry, frightening them half out of their shaggy skins. So the horses bolted straight up the steep slope; but when they arrived at the top, well winded and startled, there was Billy De Long waiting for them with his lasso and his good saddle-horse, Spider.

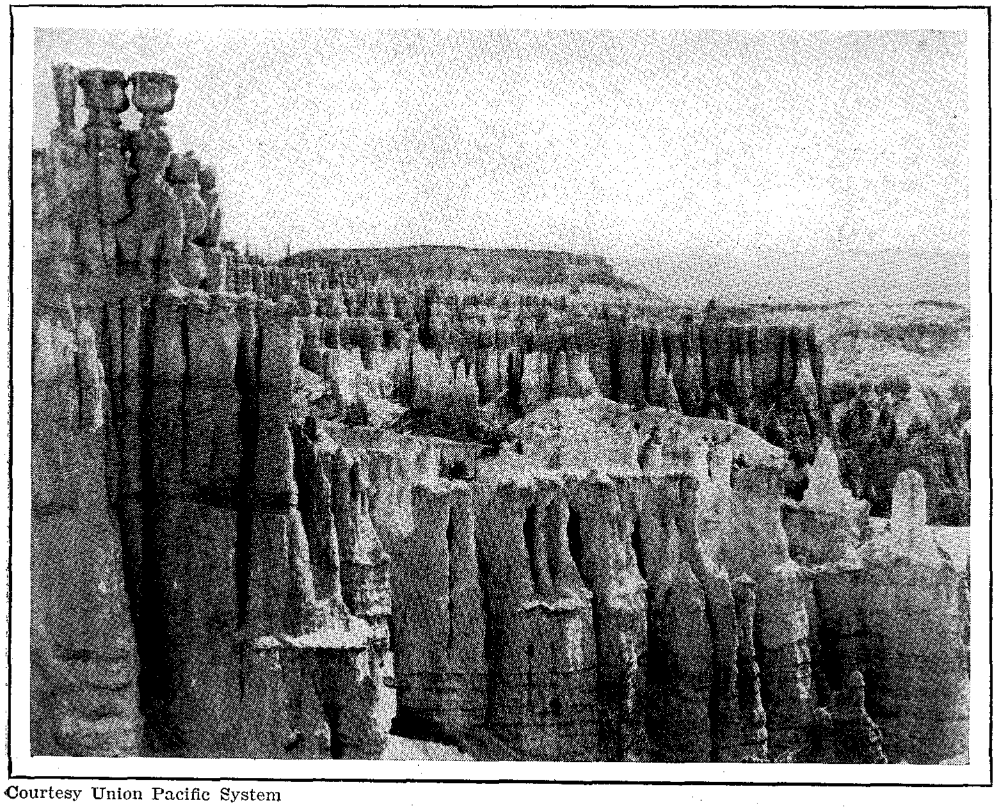
And thus on three different occasions this spring did Billy and Joe De Long, aged fifteen and twelve, capture a wild horse from the ranges. Not only captured them, but kept them, tamed them, and broke them to saddle. In fact, I saw Billy mount without a saddle and ride with nothing but a hackamore a fine young stallion which he had roped out of the wild less than a week before.

It struck me that if the boys of twelve and fifteen who attend the movies in Hackensack, New Jersey, or Dayton, Ohio, could see a reel or two of Billy and Joe De Long roping wild horses on the Kaibab they would think they had had a treat. That ought to be worth all the imitation cowboy stuff ever produced in Hollywood. But those seven useful De Long children can't go to the movies. All they can do is to go out and enact a performance of their own.



Courtesy of Southern Pacific Lines

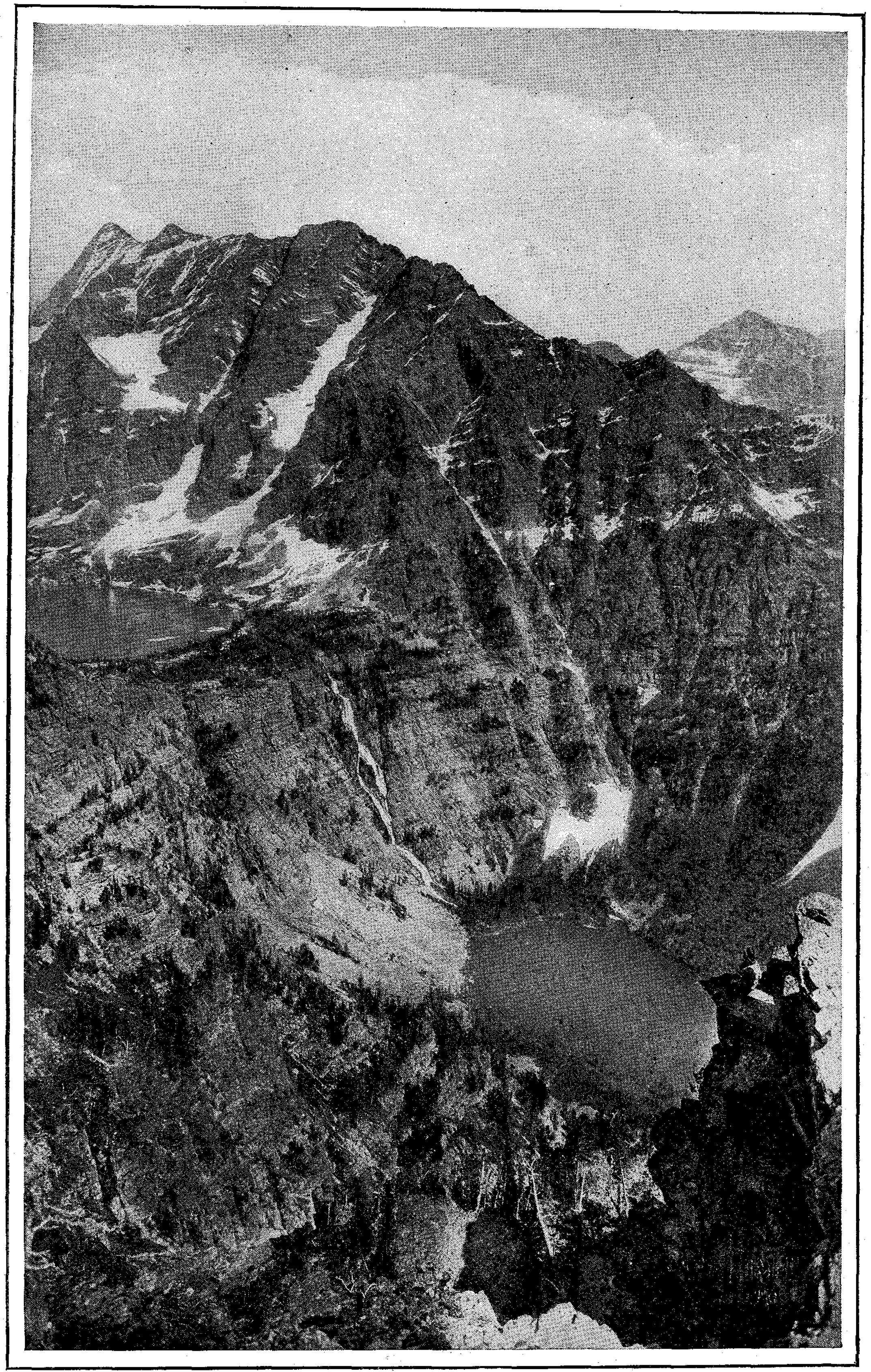
A DESERT LANDSCAPE NEAR PHŒNIX, ARIZONA



Courtesy Union Pacific System

THE TEMPLE OF OSIRIS, IN BRYCE CANYON, UTAH, IS NAMED FOR THE EGYPTIAN DEITY OF THE DEAD

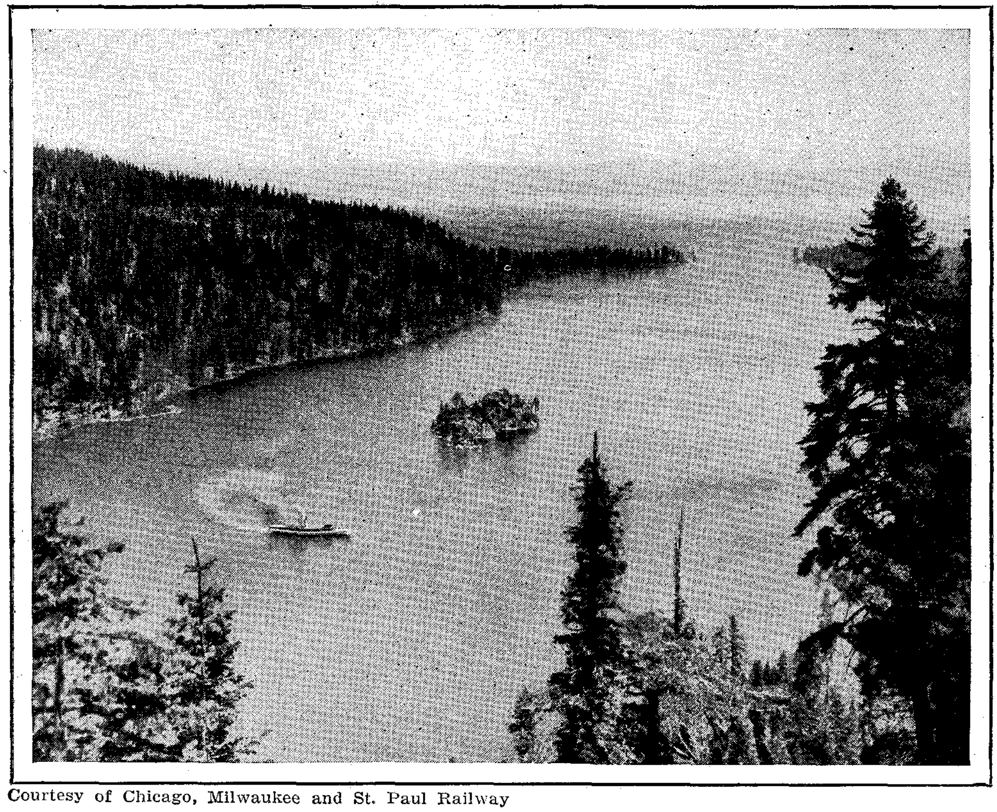
PLANT PINNACLES, AND STONE



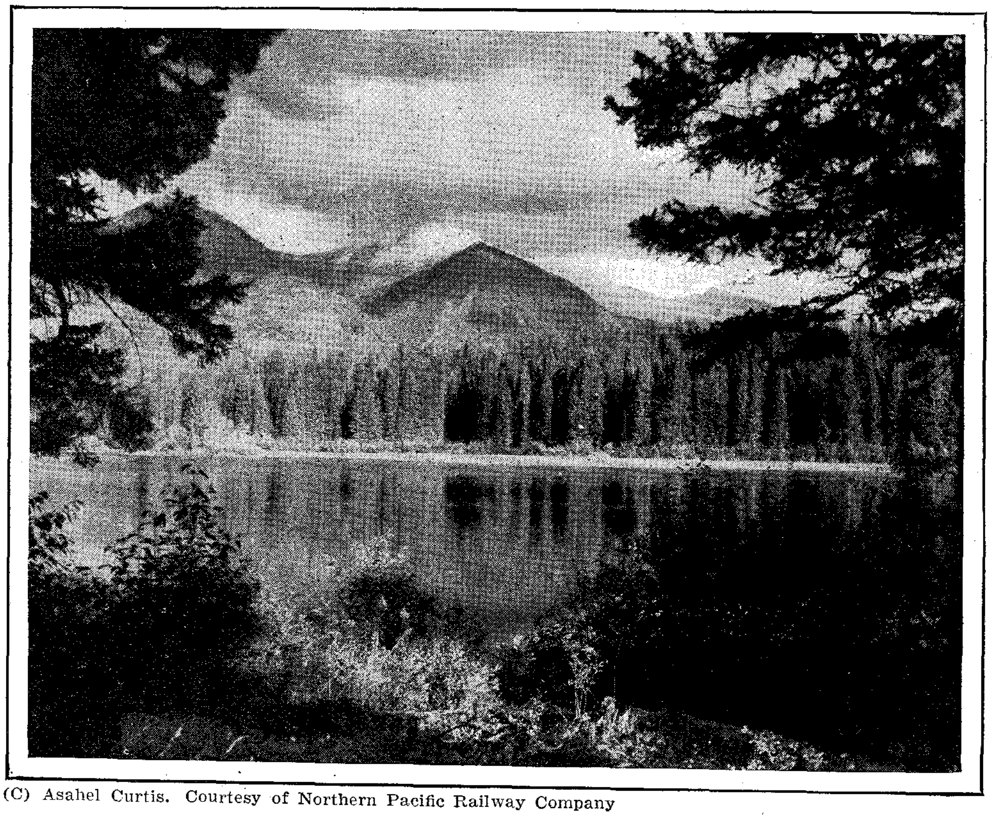
(C) Hileman, Kalispell, Montana. Courtesy of Great Northern Railway Company

ONE OF THE MANY MARVELOUS SCENIC VIEWS THAT THRILL THE TRAVELER IN GLACIER NATIONAL PARK, LOCATED IN NORTHWESTERN MONTANA, IN THE HEART OF THE AMERICAN ROCKIES

EMERALD BAY,
LAKE TAHOE,
CALIFORNIA

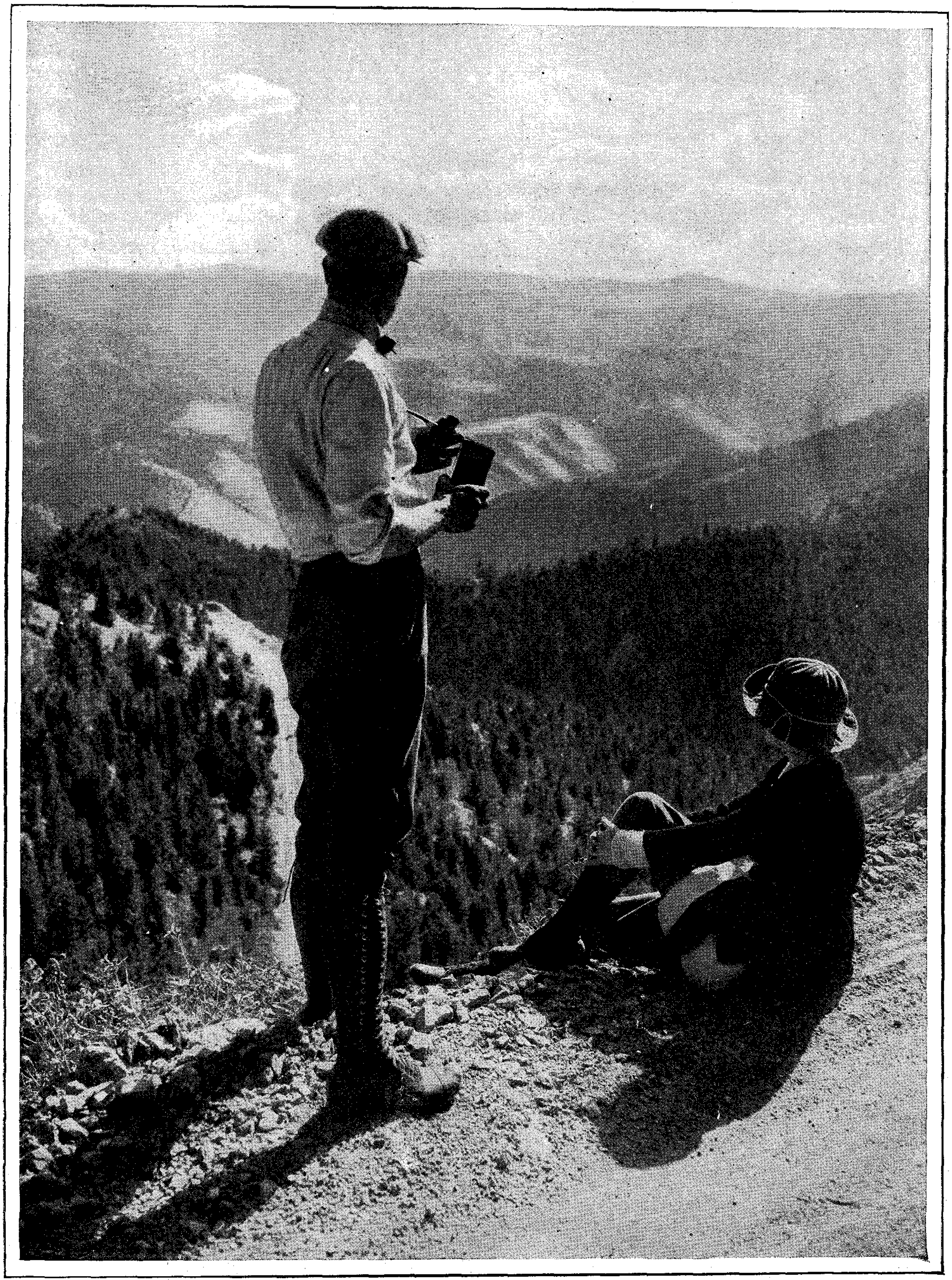


Courtesy of Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway



(C) Asahel Curtis. Courtesy of Northern Pacific Railway Company

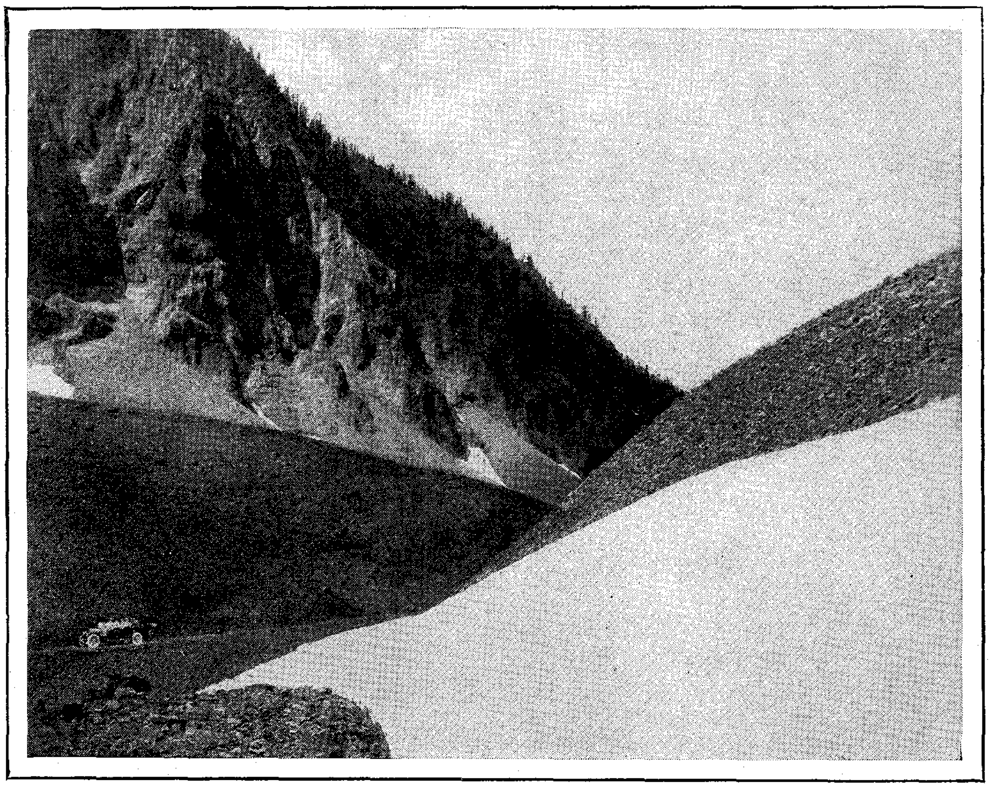
IN THE
FLATHEAD
NATIONAL
FOREST OF
MONTANA



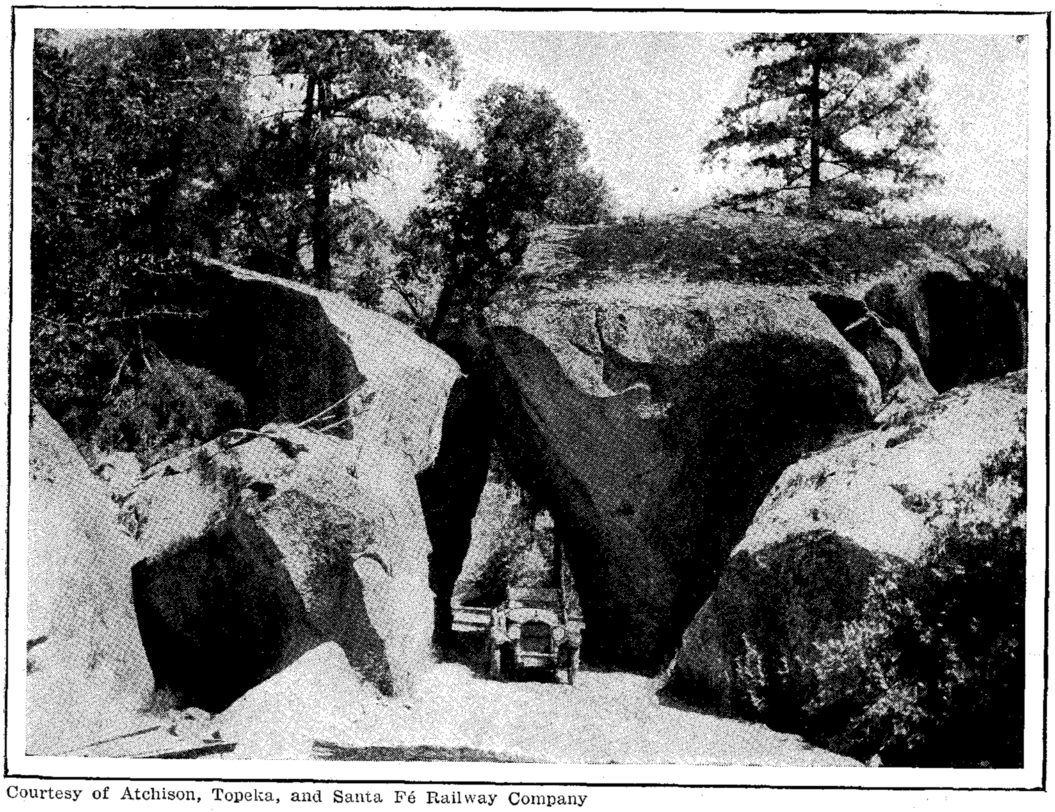
Courtesy of Rock Island Lines

WHERE TRAVELERS HALT IN THEIR JOURNEY FOR A LONG BREATH, ANOTHER PIPEFUL OF TOBACCO, AND A GOOD LOOK AT THE VIRGINIA CANYON OF IDAHO SPRINGS, COLORADO, WITH THE PRECIPITOUS SHELF ROAD DIRECTLY OPPOSITE

A HUGE CLEFT IN THE ABSOVAKA MOUNTAINS OF WYOMING, THROUGH WHICH RUNS THE CODY ROAD TO YELLOWSTONE PARK

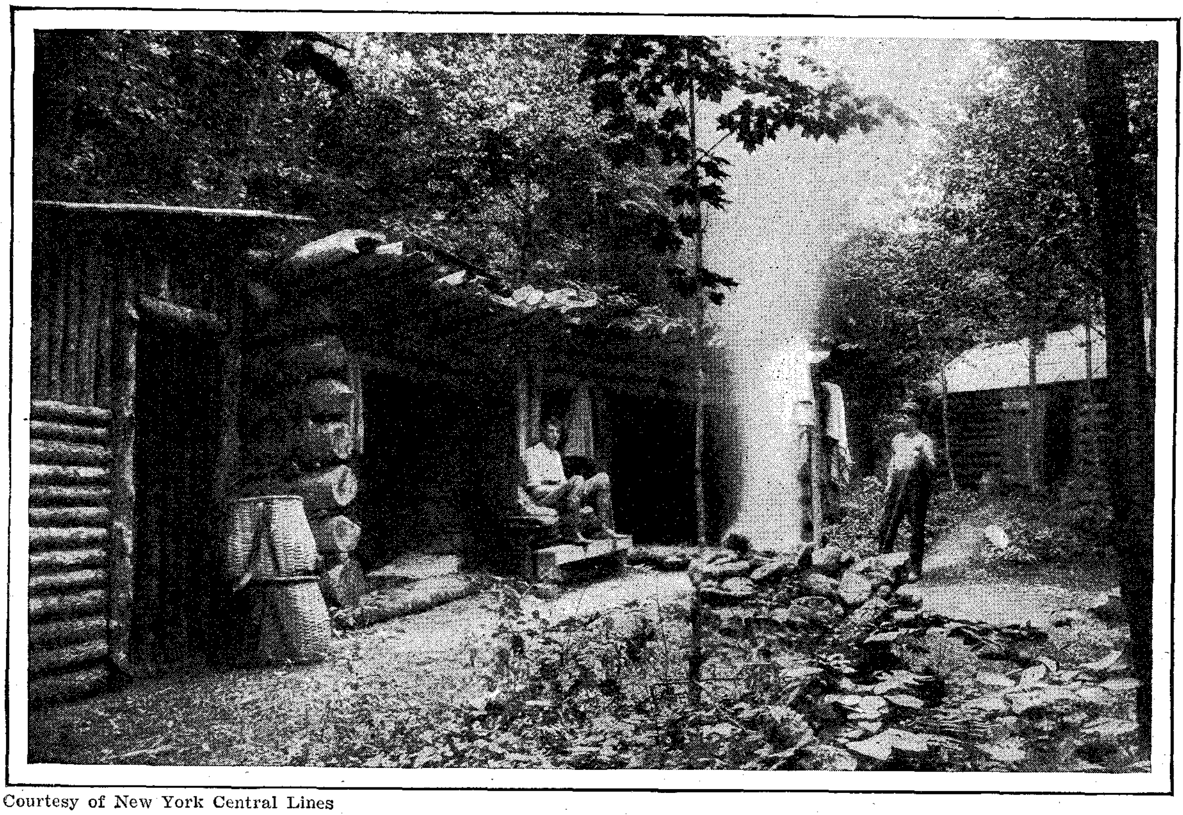


Courtesy of Burlington Route



Courtesy of Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railway Company

ARCH ROCK, THE NATURAL THOUGH NOT THE OFFICIAL GATEWAY TO YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK



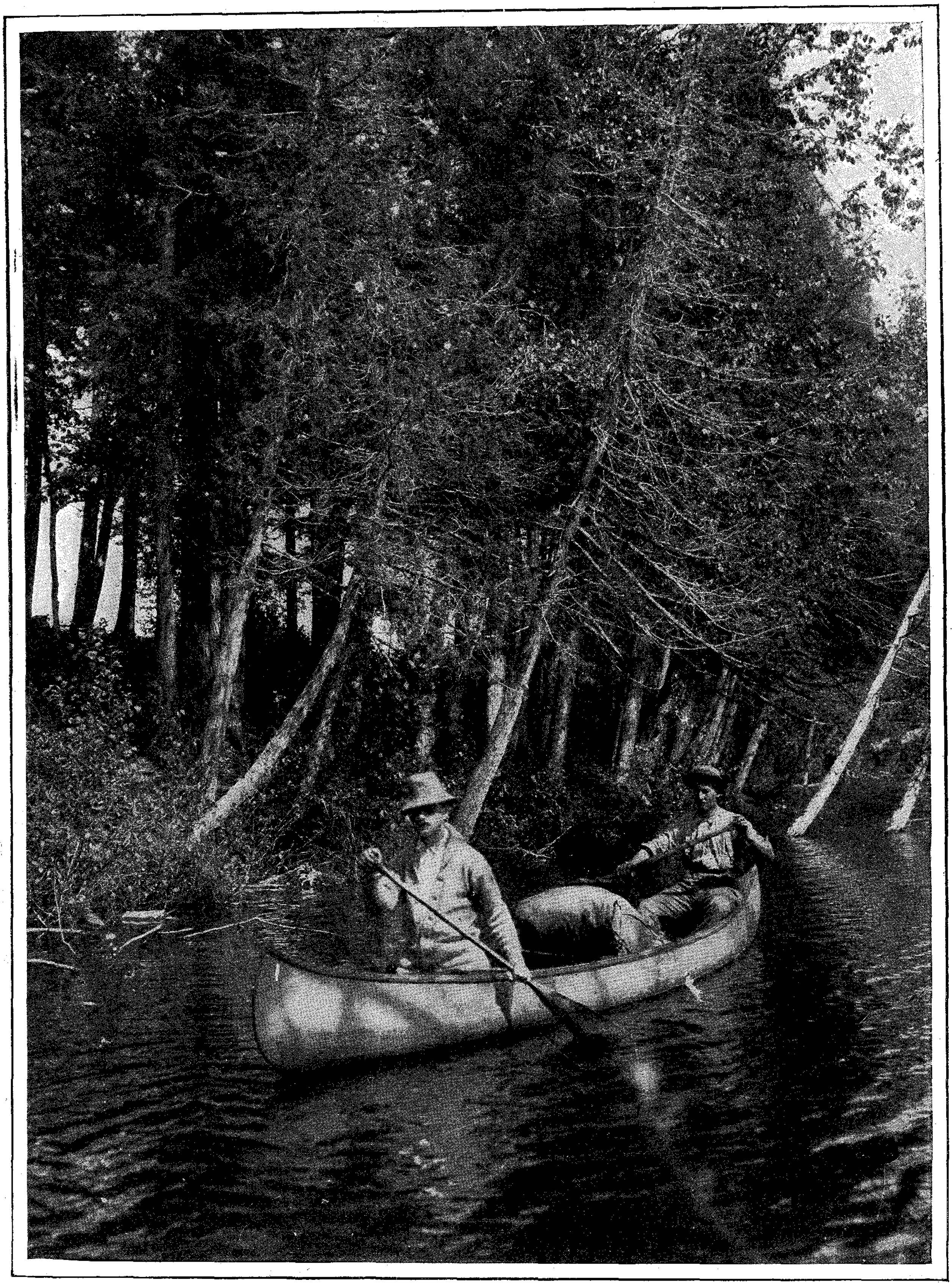
THE FACT THAT THE JOYS OF GETTING CLOSE TO NATURE ARE NOT LIMITED TO PEOPLE LIVING WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI IS EVIDENCED BY THIS SUMMER CAMPING PARTY AT LAKE PLACID IN THE ADIRONDACKS

Courtesy of New York Central Lines

STEAKING THE PIKE AFTER A PLENTIFUL CATCH IN LEECH LAKE, MINNESOTA, A PROCESS WHICH CONSISTS IN CUTTING A STRIP FROM EITHER SIDE OF THE FISH IN SUCH A WAY AS TO AVOID ALL THE BONES

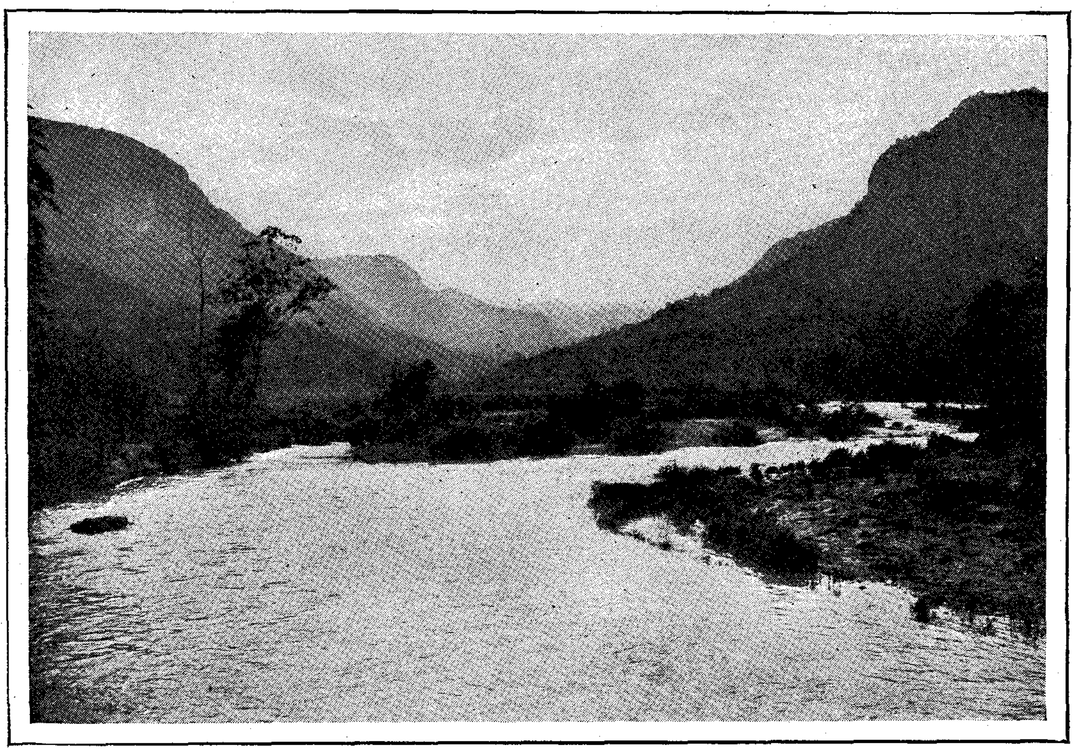
Courtesy of Ten Thousand Lakes of Minnesota Association

AMERICANS ARE

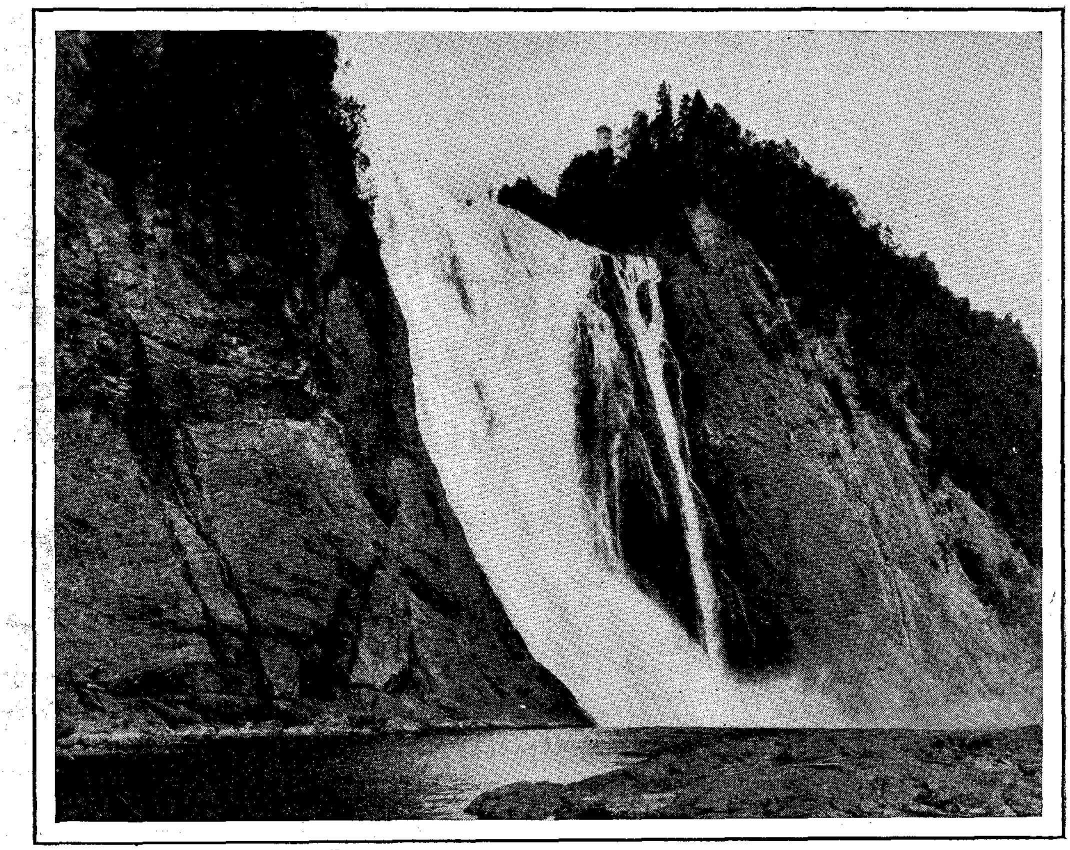


Courtesy of Chicago and North Western Railway

ONE OF A LONG CHAIN OF LAKES IN NORTHERN WISCONSIN THROUGH WHICH ONE MAY TRAVEL CONTINUOUSLY FOR MANY DAYS



"THE LAND OF
THE SKY"—
BROAD RIVER,
AND
BLUE RIDGE
MOUNTAINS
OF NORTH
CAROLINA



MONTMORENCY
FALLS, NEAR
THE CITY OF
QUEBEC

Courtesy of Canadian Pacific Railway

WATERS FLOWING TO THE SEA

A BOYS' CAMP IN THE ROOSEVELT COUNTRY

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. A. CRUIKSHANK AND THE AUTHOR

DEEP in the Maine woods, miles from any railway, on a little bluff covered with tall evergreens and overlooking a loquacious river, there is a bench; and opposite the bench, nailed on a slender trunk, there is a wooden sign with the following painted inscription:

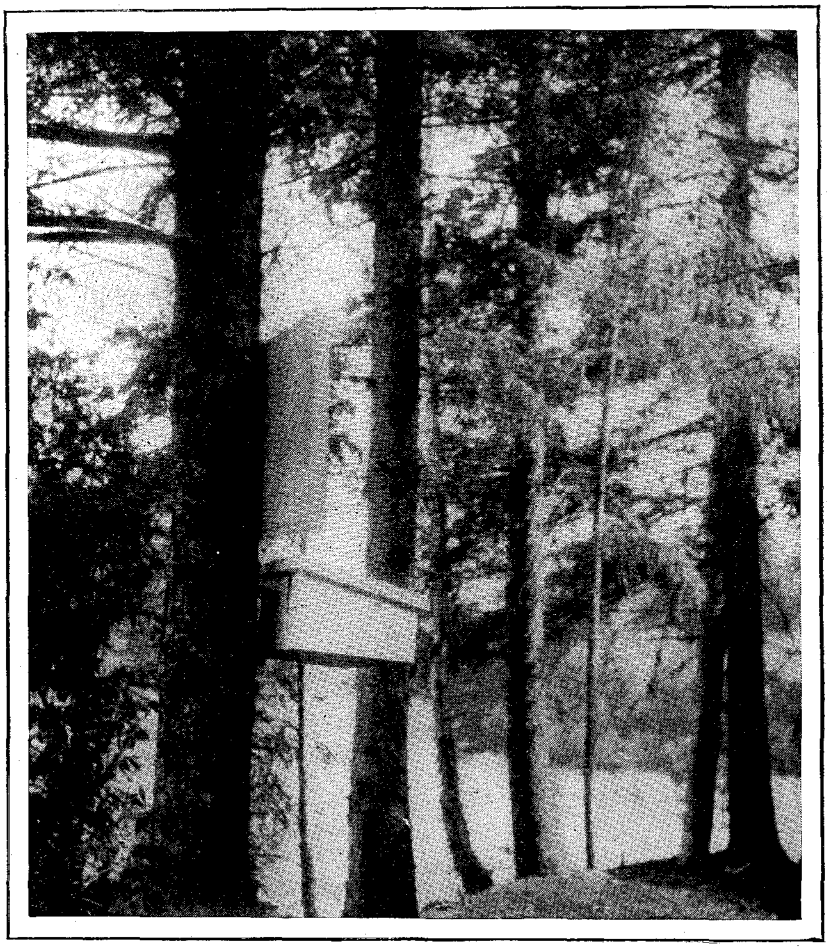
> This place, to which a great man in his youth liked to come to commune with God and with the wonder and beauty of the visible world, is dedicated to the happy memory of Theodore Roosevelt.
>
> Stranger, rest here and consider what one man, having faith in the right and love for his fellows, was able to do for his country.

Underneath the sign is a galvanized iron box; and within the box, a Bible. Up through Aroostook County they call the place Bible Point, remembering that it was there that Roosevelt as a young man used to come Sunday mornings to read his Bible when he was camping near by.

Bible Point is a mile or so south of the lower end of Lake Mattawamkeag, and Lake Mattawamkeag is at its northern edge some two or three miles from the minute village of Island Falls. The region is Roosevelt country, full of places associated with that youth of his which, for all his asthma, was evidently strenuous.

For over a period of three years or more Island Falls and the surrounding country was his vacation land to which at intervals he fled from his studies and the exactions of Boston's social gayety. Some other Roosevelts, cousins of his, had discovered it first, and had told him of the friendly hospitality of the white farmhouse under the huge elm where "Bill" Sewall lived. With Sewall he formed a friendship which bids fair to take its place as one of the interesting minor facts of American history. For weeks on end they tramped through the woods of Aroostook County or glided together over its waters, the bearded and forthright backwoodsman unconsciously teaching the young Harvard undergraduate many things besides woodcraft.

The region has changed little during the forty-odd years since Roosevelt used to run up there from Cambridge for a few weeks' hunting. The house at Island Falls is the same, and even "Bill" Sewall survives. He is full of years and wisdom and good yarns, and still plies a strong paddle as he points out in pride and affection the spots along the shores of Mattawamkeag that are especially associated with Roosevelt.



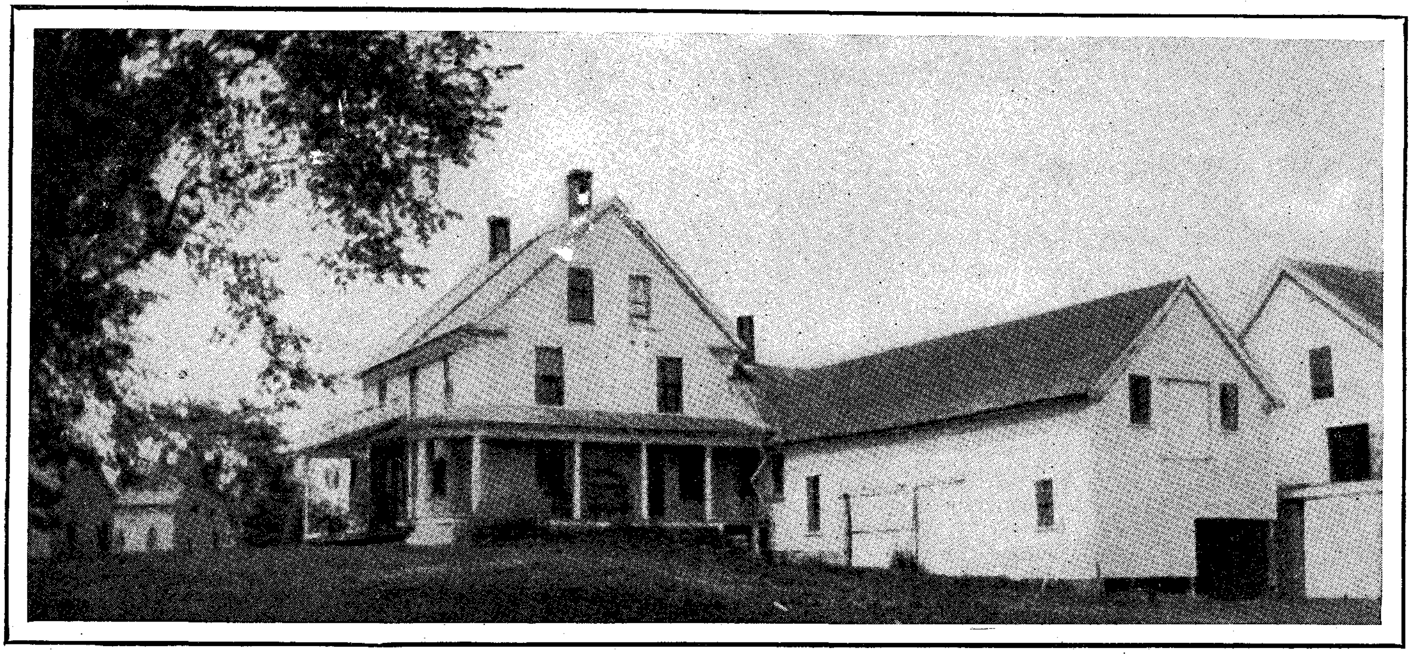
BIBLE POINT

There are a half-dozen of them—places where, together with Sewall's nephew, Wilmot Dow, who died long ago, they camped for luncheon or for the night. Sewall has marked them all, some by a blaze on the side of a tall pine, some by a cairn of smooth stones. The old man has cast a spell over the region, so that now even the casual visitor feels the presence of the strenuous spirit as the backwoodsman himself obviously feels it.

For years it has been "Bill" Sewall's dream to have a boys' camp on Hook Point, and on the spot which Roosevelt loved best in all the region, to help other boys grow in strength and wisdom as he had helped Roosevelt to grow four decades and more ago. That dream is about to be fulfilled. Friends of the Roosevelt Military Academy, of West Englewood, New Jersey, with William Hamlin Childs, of New York, at their head, have established Camp Roosevelt on a grassy point jutting out into Mattawamkeag, with old "Bill" Sewall as guide, philosopher, and transmitter of ancient traditions. There, in fulfillment of the old man's visions, Roosevelt's doctrine of virtuous, courageous, and effective living will be preached and practiced. "The old pioneer days are gone," Roosevelt used to say, "but the need for the pioneer virtues remains the same as ever." For instruction in the pioneer virtues it would be hard to find a better teacher than the man who taught and was taught by Roosevelt.

Roosevelt never visited Mattawamkeag after his college days were over, but when he was establishing a ranch on the Little Missouri River in western Dakota it was "Bill" Sewall and Wilmot Dow he sent for to be his companions and helpers. He kept a tender spot in his heart, moreover, for the silent woods and waters of Aroostook County.

> I owe a personal debt to Maine [he wrote a few months before his death in a preface to a volume of sketches by various authors, entitled "Maine, My State"] because of my association with certain stanch friends in Aroostook County; an association that helped and benefited me throughout my life in more ways than one. . . . I was not a boy of any natural prowess, and for that very reason the vigorous outdoor life was just what I needed.
>
> It was a matter of pride with me to keep up with my stalwart associates, and to shift for myself, and to



THE SEWALL HOUSE AT ISLAND FALLS, WHICH ROOSEVELT MADE HIS HEADQUARTERS ON MANY HUNTING AND CAMPING TRIPS DURING HIS COLLEGE DAYS

treat with indifference whatever hardships or fatigue came our way. In their company I would have been ashamed to complain! And I thoroughly enjoyed it. I was rather tired by some of the all-day tramps, especially in the deep snow, when my webbed racquets gave me "snowshoe feet," or when we waded up the Munsungin in shallow water, dragging a dugout, until my ankles became raw from slipping on the smooth underwater stones; and I still remember with qualified joy the ascent and especially the descent of Katahdin in moccasins, worn because, to the deep disapproval of my companions, I had lost one of my heavy shoes in crossing a river at a riffle.

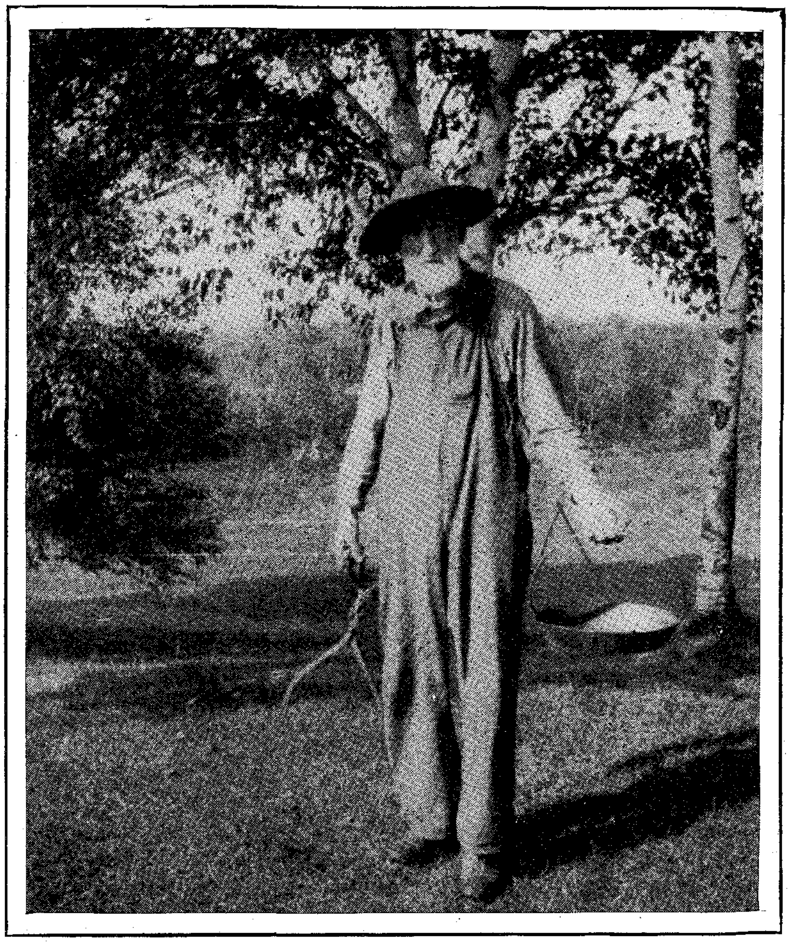
I also remember such delicious nights, under a lean-to, by stream or lake, in the clear fall weather, or in winter on balsam boughs in front of a blazing stump, when we had beaten down and shoveled away the deep snow, and kept our foot-gear away from the fire, so that it should not thaw and freeze; and the meals of venison, trout or partridge; and one meal consisting of muskrat and a fish-duck, which, being exceedingly hungry, we heartily appreciated.

But the bodily benefit was not the largest part of the good done me. I was accepted as part of the household; and the family and friends represented in their lives the kind of Americanism—self-respecting, duty-performing, life-enjoying—which is the most valuable possession that any generation can hand on to the next.

A phrase of Roosevelt's which achieved National discussion originated with one of his backwoods friends.

Bill Sewall at that time had two brothers [Roosevelt wrote in the article previously quoted]. Sam was a deacon. Dave was *not* a deacon. It was from Dave that I heard an expression which ever after remained in my mind. He was speaking of a local personage of shifty character who was very adroit in using fair-sounding words which completely nullified the meaning of other fair-sounding words which preceded them. "His words weasel the meaning of the words in front of them," said Dave, "just like a weasel when he sucks the meat out of an egg and leaves nothing but the shell;" and I always remembered "weasel words" as applicable to certain forms of oratory, especially political oratory, which I do not admire.

No one who cherishes Roosevelt's memory or believes that the virtues which he has come to symbolize are essential to the continuance of our National greatness can look with indifference on the establishment of this boys' camp dedicated to the apostle of



WILLIAM WINGATE SEWALL, WITH THE "FRY-PAN" WHICH PLAYED AN IMPORTANT PART IN MANY CAMPING TRIPS THAT SEWALL TOOK WITH ROOSEVELT, AND WHICH IS NOW IN THE MUSEUM OF THE ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION the strenuous life. Bearing Roosevelt's name and situated in a region peculiarly associated with his youth, it is from the beginning something more than a private enterprise. Great opportunities and great responsibilities alike challenge the leaders of it. They will be expected to do more than "to run a good camp," as good as and no better than a hundred other camps; more than to "get by;" to make a moderate success. Roosevelt's name stands for resounding achievement. Camp Roosevelt will be expected to live up to it.

"TH' LEAVIN'S O' TH' LITTER"

BY TRAVERS D. CARMAN

DOG-LOVING, gentle-spoken, kindly-faced old "Uncle" John Voorhies studied a minute as he looked down at the whimpering puppies crawling over their solicitous mother, then, turning to me, he said:

"You're takin' th' leavin's o' th' litter, when I gave you yer pick—he's just a runt, an' never will amount ter shucks."

"All right, 'Uncle' John; he suits me, and he's not a runt—you'll see! Many thanks for 'th' leavin's o' th' litter,' as you call him, but I bet you a barrel of apples off your farm he'll beat any dog you have when he grows up," I said.

"Be you or be you not a tiny mite keerless with my apples? Be you not, then I'll wager a barrel of your dad's potatoes ag'in yer offer an' take th' bet."

"You're on, 'Uncle' John," and, tucking the poor little seven-weeks-old puppy into my overcoat pocket, his head sticking out in fearful contemplation of the world first seen from so disconcerting a height, I took him home.

Why I selected him from all the litter I could hardly have told. He was the runt, beyond a doubt. Perhaps that fact had appealed to me, but I think not. I merely took a chance on what I saw in him. Black over all, with the exception of a spot of tan on his forehead and right front foot, he was well built, in spite of his lean, forlorn appearance.

As I write this, years afterwards, I distinctly remember, as I was picking him out, that when his brothers and sisters had sought to crowd him out of his proper position at the "lunch counter" he had yapped back at them with fine courage, and that his eyes had possessed that depth and steadfastness that are to be found in the eyes of good hunting dogs.

I had suspected that a common puppy complaint had given him that gaunt, stringy, pinched look, and that a few doses of syrup of buckthorn would remove the cause of all his trouble.

Internals set right and grown accustomed to his bottle of warm milk, he thrived in a marvelous manner that delighted the heart of me.

His eyes shone bright, his nose broadened, and his hair grew silky. Each passing detail of his life became of engrossing interest to him.

BIG GAME

The flies that erratically raced and halted on the floor assumed the importance and possibilities of big game to be cautiously stalked.

When apparently asleep under the kitchen table, head extended between parallel paws, hind legs stretched out behind him, thinly haired tail trailing back, he would suddenly open one eye, to regard at first with lazy indifference, then with dawning interest, a fly zigzagging along the floor, bound in a general way across the starboard quarter of his nose.

Finally, with both eyes wide open, the glaze of sleep replaced by the fires of the zest of the hunt, hind legs would noiselessly be drawn up under him, front paws would grow tense, and with the optimism of youth he would launch himself through the air in reckless effort, only to observe the fly dart upwards towards the forbidden regions of the top of the kitchen table.

"Shure," said the cook, "an' it's the reckless divil he is, when he sets himself up to match th' bugs o' th' air!"

He prospered and grew as only healthy puppies can. He was all point from the sensitive tip of his nose to the last hair on his tail.

I was both amused and pleased to find him one June morning "frozen" in a perfect point on the back lawn, with right front foot slightly raised, eyes glowing, tail rigid, pointing a huge angleworm that had come up out of the depths of the sod to explore the world.

He was remarkably easy to train. Let him fully understand what was wanted of him, and he took the greatest pride and delight in executing the maneuver, bounding about me in wild abandon in response to my words of praise.

FOR MISCHIEF'S SAKE

Rarely have I seen a dog so filled with radiant life, mischievous ways, a sense of the humorous, and with so great a degree of loyalty and devotion—to me as his master, and particularly to my mother, whom he adored.

Even though he suspected that his own turn was to speedily follow, he would gambol about, yapping in muffled voice and devilish glee when another dog howled while being whipped in his presence, and then, as if in atonement for his heartlessness, he would rush up to him after the punishment and lick with sympathetic tongue the brother in disgrace—and take in silence his own punishment, for that was the proud heart of him.

He would stalk a kitten by the hour, and wag his tail in lively appreciation when he had aroused it to the point of its turning at bay, with its back arched, tail inflated, and spitting in moist indignation; yet never did he harm the kitten, for it was not in his code of chivalry towards wee beasties.

He would lie at my mother's feet for hours at a time, looking up at her occasionally with the utmost devotion in his eyes. He was, in fact, her constant companion whenever she permitted him to accompany her, and of this my father and I were only too glad, for our house was in a farming section of New Jersey where tramps were frequent, and not always of a harmless variety.

We had called him Runt as a puppy, and the name had stuck to him long after he had in so many ways proved it inappropriate. In justice to him, therefore, we were careful, in the presence of others, to refer to him as the Gordon setter.

His favorite diversion, when all the little imps of mischief were prodding him irresistibly on, was to conceal himself within a clump of cedars near the door to the stables after he had seen our somewhat timid gardener pass through to care for the horse.

When that worthy, unsuspecting old gentleman would reappear, intent upon other "chores" to be done, the Runt would launch himself, with back bowed and legs gathered under him, not at the gardener, for that would not be in keeping with the rules of the game, but immediately in front of him or behind him, and the closer the better.

With muttered exclamation, the poor man would jump back, or forward, as the case might be, in terror, only to recognize his tormentor, who, having described several figure eights in his ecstasy over the success of his feigned attack, would come rushing up in counterfeit penitence over the discourtesy perpetrated, and seek to lick the hand of the disgruntled man, as if in apology.

"In me prayers this night I'll be

after saying a coupla Pater Nosters and Ave Marias forninst th' likes of him," he exclaimed on one occasion, when I happened to be within earshot, and not without conscious chagrin over the sorry part his nerves had caused him to play in my presence.

"Th' divil himself would be crossin' himself with holy warter in fear uv him, and me nearly chokin' on me new teeth whilst tryin' to shwaller me heart!"

"Uncle" John had watched the Runt's growth with keen interest, and finally, when he was field broken and a seasoned hunting dog, admitted that "he was pretty good for a runt and 'th' leavin's o' th' litter'!"

A BIRD WITHOUT A SHOT

He made good with "Uncle" John on the hunting field in a truly remarkable way.

We—"Uncle" John, the Runt, and I—were hunting through an apple orchard when a woodcock flushed ahead of me. "Mark—woodcock and a flight bird," I called out.[1]

I "marked the bird down"—that is, where it had alighted—some distance away on a side hill thickly covered with huckleberry bushes, and, with "Uncle" John beside me, advanced with the Runt held well in check by an occasional command of "Careful."

We worked ahead, and as the Runt got the scent of the woodcock he slowed down and cautiously advanced with nostrils quivering and body trembling. The ground was comparatively bare, and I soon discovered the woodcock sitting under a huckleberry bush, eying us with growing alarm. The Runt, "Uncle" John, and I were approaching the bird from the open. Runt finally stopped, pointing practically over the bird; "Uncle" John was to his right, I to his left, the huckleberry bush like a wall behind the bird, making escape behind him impossible and flight towards us undesirable. I advanced a step, the woodcock flushed upward and literally flew directly into the Runt's mouth. A quick snap, and the Runt, with somewhat puzzled expression, uncertain as to the correctness of the proceedings, looked at me questioningly, then gave me the live bird.

Not a shot had been fired and I had the bird! And kept it out of respect to the Runt for his remarkable performance.

"Well, by Godfrey!" exclaimed "Uncle" John. "Where do I come in on this close partnership? It's an act in restraint of the interests of worthy ammunition manufacturers, and I'm blowed if I won't report Runt to"—and he stopped a moment and then his face lighted up with a smile of enthusiastic admiration, and he resumed—"to the Dogs' Hall of Fame."

RUNT AND THE "HIRED MAN"

The following spring there seemed to be an epidemic of tramps, many of whom sought summer jobs on near-by farms. One of them, a small-eyed, loose-lipped fellow, found employment on the farm adjoining our small estate. My attention was first called to him because of his abusive language to his horses while plowing in a near-by field and his brutal treatment of them under the slightest provocation. Again later our little German maid reported that on her way back with the milk from "Uncle" John's she had been badly frightened by the fellow.

My father told mother and instructed the gardener to give the Runt his liberty at all times. With the dog's love for my mother, we felt that she could be given no better protection. And our precaution was justified.

Several weeks later the "hired man" appeared at our kitchen door. It was in the forenoon, when no one but mother and the German maid were in the house. The Runt was asleep in his favorite dirt hole under a clump of rhododendron bushes some distance from the kitchen steps. The man, obviously drunk, knocked at the kitchen door, and with over-brilliant eyes, thick speech, and in an insolent manner demanded a dollar. The maid, badly frightened, attempted to close the door in his face, but, with a laugh and a curse, the brute shoved his huge foot through the door, forced it open, and attempted to catch the girl in his arms. With a scream of terror, she fled as mother appeared. The man repeated his demand for a dollar with greater insolence, and refused to leave the kitchen when she ordered him out. Dodging the man, she stepped to the open door and called: "Runt, here, sir!"

A flash of dynamic black flesh and muscle shot out from under the rhododendron bushes as the man, sensing approaching danger, rushed out of the house, stumbled on the steps, and fell headlong upon the ground. The dog needed no further commands, and was astride him with jaws mouthing his throat before the man could regain his feet. In abject fear, sobered by the experience, he begged mother to call off the Runt, who growled threateningly at the sound of the man's voice.

Realizing that he had been sufficiently frightened to serve the purpose, she caught Runt by his collar and pulled him away from the cowering man.

Regaining his feet with difficulty, rendered clumsy through fear, the man slouched off, muttering, turning when at a safe distance to shake his fist at the dog, who growled deep in his throat as he saw the menacing gesture.

Mother, deeply affected by the dog's fearless devotion to her, held Runt tightly to her, speaking softly to him to calm him.

Several days later the Runt was missing, and all day long the ache of alarm for his safety made us sick at heart. Late in the afternoon mother, father, and I were standing at the back door, the Runt in the minds of us all, not daring to express the fear in the heart of each.

Mother, moved by some sixth sense, suddenly called, "Runt, Runt, here, sir!" There was a stir under the rhododendron bushes, and out from their dark shadows Runt came, dragging himself painfully, mouth frothing, eyes glazed, to stagger and fall at mother's feet, trying pitifully to lick her hand.

The effort was his last, and he died with my mother's arms about him—poisoned, as we learned later, by the man from whom the Runt had protected my mother.

When "Uncle" John heard of the dog's death and the cause of it, he said with a queer choke in his voice:

"Runt lived and died a man!"—he hesitated a minute, then corrected himself—"no, he lived and died a dog, for few men ever equaled him in loyalty, fineness of courage, intelligence, and devotion." And then, with his kind old weather-beaten face turned upwards towards the heavens, he added, softly and diffidently: "He gave his life that others might live, an' I called him 'th' leavin's o' th' litter'! What is it the Scriptures say: 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends'?"

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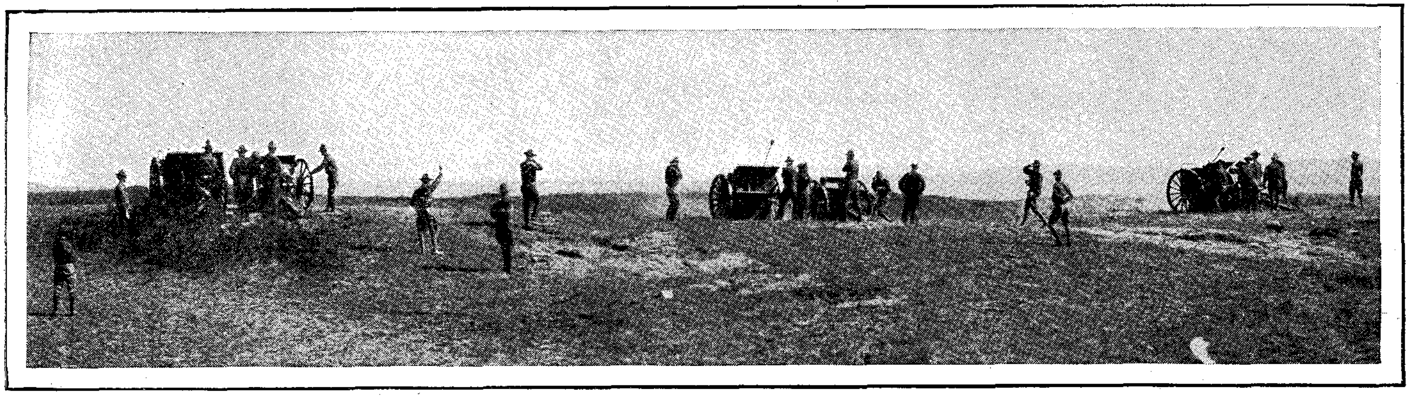
[1] A flight woodcock is one that has dropped into a cover from farther north on its way south, and is invariably wilder and prone to longer flight than a native bird that has mated and reared its young, or has been hatched and reared, in that locality. I have found that a flight bird is invariably smaller than a native woodcock, and this, I believe, is due to the fact that farther north the summer season is shorter, and the young birds have therefore a shorter period in which to mature before the hunting season opens and the approach of winter starts them migrating south. It is a custom of courtesy among hunters, particularly on the part of the man "working" the dog, to call "mark" when a bird is flushed unknown to or unseen by his companion for the latter's information. In the instance to which I refer above I not only called "mark," but added "woodcock," for the cover in which we were hunting also contained partridge, and the further information, "and a flight bird," that "Uncle" John might be the more on the alert.—T. D. C.



"FIRE!" THE RIGHT-HAND GUN HAS JUST FIRED; THE CENTER GUN IS FIRING; THE LEFT-HAND GUN IS READY

"OUR BRUTAL SOLDIERY"

HOW THEY LOOK TO THE BOYS WHO ATTEND THE ARMY'S SUMMER CAMPS

BY KINGSLEY MOSES

THERE is a pleasant spot on Long Island where in the summertime there assembles a strange brotherhood. Here are some seven hundred horses, many of them fresh from the ranges of Texas and Wyoming; forty or fifty mules, undesirable aliens from "Mizzoura;" ten dogs, three cats, a very small kitten, and a very large white rabbit.

The first time I saw the rabbit bouncing across the grass I yelled to a near-by cook: "Look out for your rabbit! The dogs will get him!"

"They won't bother 'im," replied the unexcited chef, continuing his pastime of hacking up a tough potato.

And the dogs didn't get him; nor the horses, nor even the mules, though the rabbit hopped down along the picket line under a hundred ironshod hoofs.

Did this scene take place in some ideal, Communist utopia; in some up-to-date Brook Farm? It did not. It happened in the camp of the Sixth Field Artillery, Regular Army.

Something is all wrong somewhere. For months now we've been hearing about those terrible militarists, the professional soldiers. We all know what is said to have happened to Europe because she maintained large standing armies; Spain, for example, had a larger standing army in proportion to population than France. We have been assured that all regular soldiers must be terrible brutes who chop up small babies and cut one another's throats to get up an appetite for a breakfast of raw meat. Maybe they are brutes; all our leading pacifists tell us so, and, goodness knows, our pacifists are keen for the truth! Nevertheless in my whole month in artillery camp I didn't see a single hashed baby or one ventilated throat. And I did see horses and mules and dogs and rabbits and kittens living peacefully together.

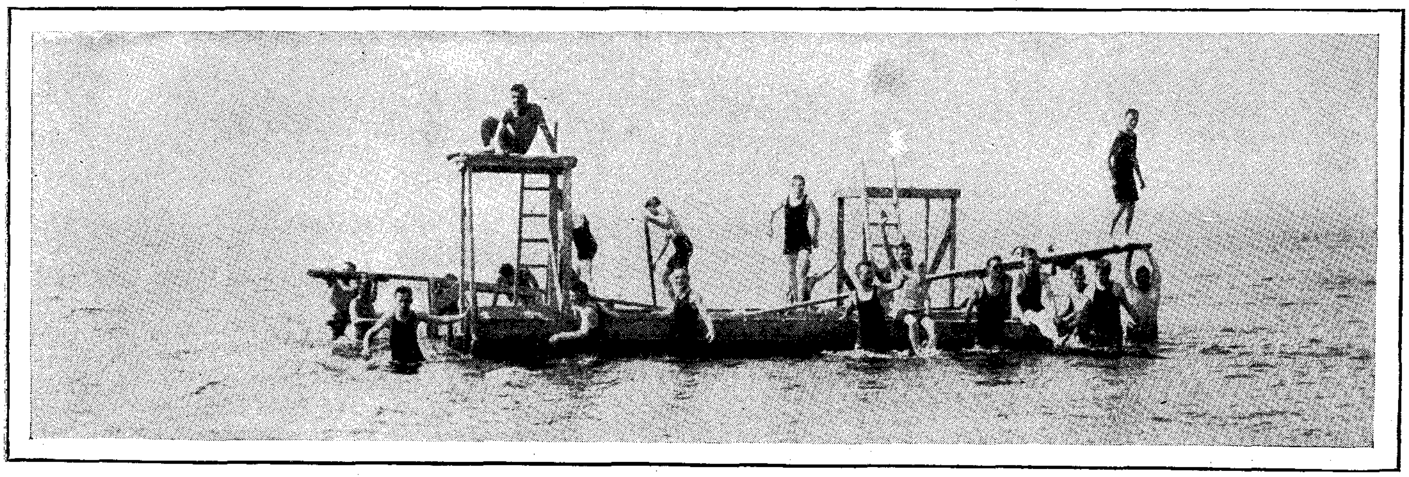
THE C. M. T. C.

Owing to a sudden and heretofore unsuspected passion for economy, Congress has seen fit to reduce the Regular Army and to discharge a large number of highly competent and efficient officers. This reduction has been effected; the officers and non-commissioned officers must shift for themselves; find jobs. That the Government went to great expense to train these men, and must, when the next war scare comes round the corner, go to equally great expense to train others to attempt to take their places, does not immediately matter—to the Government.

But that those in authority are not entirely easy in their minds concerning the safety of the Nation is indicated by the coincidence that simultaneously with the discharge of a large number of commissioned officers Congress has seen fit to provide for a system of summer camps, officially known as the Citizens' Military Training Camps—C. M. T. C., for short.

At these camps, conveniently located all over the United States, a month's training in the rudiments of military exercises is provided for all young men who can afford the time. The men serve without pay; but their traveling expenses to and from the camp are provided for, and the Government feeds and clothes them. Two years ago the start was made, with about 10,000 young men; last year the plan was continued, with 25,000 in attendance; and in August of this year a larger number of young men will be given the opportunity of attending the summer camps.

Training is under the direction of officers and men of the Regular Army; and—notwithstanding the reputed brutality of the professional soldiery—the boys who went to Camp Welsh,



SOME OF THE HARDSHIPS OF SOLDIERING!

THROWING THE BREECH

the artillery station at Montauk Point, Long Island, came back unharmed and happy. Not only that, but they put in a month in the open air, learned to ride and shoot and drill and get their bodies into splendid shape. And most of them gained from five to ten pounds in weight.

One thing more: those boys learned how to take care of themselves. And they learned to obey orders. One does in the Regular Army. And that may be, come to think of it, why the soldiers are called brutal. Nothing could be conceivably more brutal than the mere suggestion that a care-free Greenwich Village revolutionist obey anything!

IN THE FIELD

The Second Corps Area of the Army—only one of the nine corps areas in the United States—comprises the States of New York, New Jersey, and Delaware. In this particular Corps Area were camps for the several arms of the service. Infantry aspirants went to Plattsburg, the Coast Artillery school was at Fort Hancock, cavalrymen went to Camp Dix, while the Field Artillery monopolized the extreme eastern end of Long Island.

The term "monopolize" is correct. In an area over which from twenty-four to forty-eight cannon are shooting every afternoon there are no advantages in habitation. The eastern end of Long Island in the vicinity of Montauk Point is just a little more deserted than the Sahara Desert, and about as attractive. Gorgeous sunrises and sunsets there are; but outside of this natural scenery there is absolutely nothing to meet the eye but vast ranges of sand-hills. No human being is so foolish as to stroll over these dunes; stray animals are carefully shooed away. Only the foolhardy birds, unfortunately unable to read the many signs of warning, use the artillery range for a playground for a few days.

The Sixth Field Artillery has the distinction of being the first American regiment to fire cannon in the World War. They were in the First Division—those fellows who say: "We weren't heroes; we were Regulars." The Sixth Field was ready for action when we entered the war; and, naturally, they were the first to be sent into the fight. According to one's point of view, there is or is not a certain disadvantage in being prepared. The man who is prepared is pretty sure to be called upon first, and called upon to do the dirty work. Naturally, too, the Sixth Field likes to maintain its reputation.

It does. One day, just to show what it could do, a battery of the regiment went into position, figured its range, site, deflection, sheaf of fire, and height of burst; and then dropped four big shells into a space that could be covered by a tablecloth. That space was three miles away. And, I submit, that is some shooting!

It was these men to whom was intrusted the task of training some 540 raw recruits. All they had to do was to teach the boys to take care of themselves, obey orders, keep clean, maintain their health, drill, do guard duty, execute the maneuvers of kitchen police, ride horses, saddle horses, harness horses, groom horses (including the horses' hoofs), clean cannon, jockey cannon into position, and then fire those guns. And fire them so that they would hit something besides the all-embracing atmosphere.

And within a month's time that was just about what the officers and men of the Sixth Field Artillery succeeded in doing.

"PLAY BALL! ON YOUR MARK! TIME!" BUT NOBODY SAID, "FORE!"

Of course such military work as was done at Montauk was only part of the training. The guiding principle of the Citizens' Military Training Camps is to condition the boys, to build them up physically as well as to teach them. Sports occupied much of the time of the boys in all the camps of the nine Corps Areas. Boxing, wrestling, athletic meets, filled the afternoons. Baseball games, played on regular schedule in every camp, decided the Corps Area championships. The medals, formally presented by the Colonel, were mighty hard to win. And all sporting equipment was supplied by the Army—even gymnasium slippers. "Didn't get these in France," mused one ex-sergeant, as he surveyed his brand-new pair of white "sneakers."

Swimming was a recreation particularly emphasized. Recognized as one

HEAVYWEIGHTS BOXING—THE BANTAMWEIGHT CHAMPION OF CAMP WELSH REFEREEING

of the very best exercises for every muscle of the body, instruction in swimming was given to all students. The boys were carefully classified according to proficiency; and the daily swim was a jubilant occasion. Almost all of the camps had good tennis courts also; but one or two golfers were forced to abate their enthusiasm for thirty days. The Army, efficient organization that it is, had found it impracticable to build about thirty-six golf links upon short notice. Too bad, but unavoidable. And, after all, there is perhaps a question as to whether boys of twenty-one—and that was the average age of the C. M. T. C. students—need daily exercise on putting greens.

Barring this deprivation, however, it is certain that the young men who went to Artillery Camp at Montauk were taught, and learned, a lot of interesting and useful things; that they learned how to treat horses decently and to keep their own bodies in splendid physical shape. And it is equally certain that they all seemed to enjoy a month's life in the open air; and that when it was all over they were so emotional as to get together and make nice speeches to their officers and to present them with small remembrances and to take up a collection for several of the enlisted men who were ill. Human beings react in the most unaccountable ways, do they not?

Most of the boys who went to Montauk, moreover, are firm in their strange intention to return to camp for further training next year. They actually like being soldiers for a month; like the sport of living in open tents, eating great heaps of army chow, playing baseball, swimming, and riding horseback. They think it's pretty good fun to drag a battery of big French "seventy-fives" out across the wind-swept hills at full gallop, and to fire those big guns at a tiny target away off there in the hazy distance. They consider the working out of abstruse firing problems as an exciting puzzle instead of as so much complicated mathematics; and they will work and play twelve and fourteen hours a day, and then lie flat on their stomachs on their camp cots scribbling diagrams until it grows too dark to see the pencil scratches on the paper.

And when it's time for "taps," and the weirdly sweet notes of the loveliest of all bugle calls float across the fields, the boys are too tired to be bothered by the conviction that the country is "going to the dogs." Maybe the country won't, by the way—with those boys actually enjoying the life of a soldier.

ON BECOMING A NATIVE

BY ONE WHO IS ALMOST

No one enjoys being an outsider. Yet most summer visitors find themselves so classed by the all-the-year-round residents of the country or seashore region of their summer abode. This is all very well for a year or two; but after one has spent a dozen summers in a place, with every prospect of spending a dozen more, one grows a bit weary of this social handicap. At least I do, for I summer "'way down East" in Maine, where being a native is a matter of caste to which the geography of one's birthplace is merely incidental.

I am not one of those lordly and pompous magnates who can stalk into a shop with the air of one who is conferring a favor by his presence and demand that his house be made habitable on the instant of his arrival, regardless of the fact that he has chosen to arrive late on a Saturday afternoon preceding the double holiday occasioned by a Monday Fourth of July. It was after such an episode, however, that I got the suggestion (which after a considerable period of successful experimentation I pass on to you) that this lack of caste is not hopeless and final, that even in Maine as well as in India—and if in these two strongholds, why not everywhere?—there is a sporting chance for us all. After the magnate had departed with such cold comfort as he could get from a few vague and courteous generalities—one could hardly call them promises of service—the storekeeper, a dignified deacon and local magistrate, indulged in a few unflattering remarks on the summer resident. "Careful," said I; "you know I'm one of them." "You," he said; "why, you're almost a native." So simply did I receive my accolade; so naturally was I started on my quest. From that moment I walked humbly, warily, as one set apart from my careless kind, seeking to spy out and tread the strait and narrow path which would bring me to the desired haven. Now, after several summers, I have come to believe with my deacon-storekeeper that with due perseverance one can become "almost a native." And if "almost," why not some day "quite"? Moreover, I have discovered from experience and observation that there are short cuts which I, from even my slight point of vantage, am glad to point out to would-be aspirants.

The first is as to the method of acquiring information. Don't ask a succession of direct questions. At least, that will close the mouth of any "Down Easter," and I suspect the genus native has certain characteristics wherever he may dwell. When I arrive after the winter, I want to know the news. My absence has made me for the time conspicuously alien, but after a few days I begin to penetrate below the surface happenings. From my milkman I learn that a valuable piece of undeveloped shore property has changed hands. He comments, "You know, it used to belong to Miss So-and-So, who died two years ago." I don't know, but I do not tell him so, for that would make him feel I was so ignorant as to be quite beyond the pale. To the next person with whom I have dealings I mention, as he does a piece of work for me, that I hear Mr. So-and-So has bought the Point. "Oh, did you hear that?" Emboldened by the fact that some one else has told me so much, he tells me a bit more. Again I press no questions, though showing a sincere interest in all that he volunteers. But I begin to see that this was a village happening which occasioned much interest and gossip. Armed with the facts already in my possession, I say to another of my good friends: "What about Miss So-and-So's estate? I hear they had quite a time settling it up." By the time I have talked with the fifth person I learn that this was an estate with fifteen heirs which had been in the courts for months, that as the day of settlement approached rival men of the village sought its control, that three of the local worthies drew by arrangement from the bank one afternoon thirty thousand dollars, set forth with it in an automobile, visited a sufficient number of heirs to obtain control of eight-fifteenths of the property, settled with them for cash, and returned to town the following afternoon to spring on the rival bidders the information that they owned more than half the property, so distributed as to give them the whip-hand to obtain complete control at practically their own terms. Is not a picturesque tale like that worth a little effort in research? Which of my summer neighbors enjoyed the thrill which was mine as I met any one of these three staid citizens going about their daily duties and pictured them slipping out of town with thirty thousand dollars in their automobile and calling on one heir after another until they had persuaded a majority to make the sale? Yet note that I would never have found this out from one person. That would have been to trust even a "near-native" too far with the intimate affairs of their associates. But if one had told this, why, reasoned the next one instinctively, should not he tell that?

We summer folk are most closely observed and shrewdly sized up in our money transactions. Consistent economy and careful use of what money we have, be it little or much, is respected. That is what the people themselves practice. How watchful some of my good neighbors are lest I pay too much! Wood was a commodity of varying price this summer, and three of my neighbors inquired anxiously from whom I bought the modest pile at my back door and how much I paid for it, commenting with approval: "That was all right. I paid that myself for my last cord." For there are prices and prices, as there are tradespeople and tradespeople. One of the practical advantages of being a "near-native" is that one finds one's self passed from person to person within a circle of those with whom these people trade themselves. Even then one must "watch one's step." It is possible to be economical, but not too "near," as they put it. My carpenter estimated a year ago on a screened porch for one of my cottage neighbors, the work to be done in the following spring. Prices went up, and the work took a little longer than he had figured. He sent his bill according to estimate, but wrote the circumstances, suggesting that the job had not paid him his usual day's wages. The reply came back from my friend that he was sorry, but that was all the cottage could stand in expense this year, and he paid simply the amount of the bill. That was business, perhaps, but it was not good business in the long run, for his carpenter's bills will allow in the future a safe margin for profit, and, what will affect his comfort more, he will not be first served when several of us need carpentry. It is so easy for them not to do our work, and the reasons which they can advance are so plausible and even truthful. One of our summer folk, who is well off but not wealthy, wished to impress upon the contractor who was estimating for an addition to her farmhouse that she had to count her pennies. So she told him that if the costs ran over a certain amount she could always put a mortgage on the house. Mortgage! Not pay her bills without a mortgage! He just faded quietly away. It was weeks later that one of the village people told me why this man had not undertaken her job. She was told only that he was too busy with other work.

But that is not the whole story as regards dealings that involve money or service. We must adapt ourselves to their times and seasons and to their ideas and customs. Here is where the real art of this attempt to become a native comes in, and here is the reason why I recommend it to all summer folk as the most entertaining and rewarding of summer avocations. Any one of us can be our city selves. We do that naturally. But to approach a simple transaction as a native would approach it, that is another story.

Last year I wanted to have a sign painted. Our farmhouse is set in the open pasture and approached only by a grassy road. As the road was becoming more grassy, it seemed well to indicate to the tradesman and automobilist that if they made the turn from the main road they would find us. I asked two of the village people to whom I should go. Both mentioned the same man, saying, "He'll treat you right" (indication of my status of being "almost a native"), with the addition, "You can tell him I sent you," showing a tiny doubt whether my status would be recognized by another. I went to the sign painter, whom I found decorating a ten-foot board with the familiar "Say it with flowers." Did I enter in a business-like manner and say, "I want a sign two feet and a half by ten inches with my name and an arrow on it, to be painted on a black board with white letters. Can you do it?" Ah, no! that might be the city way, but I was aspiring to become a native. I admired his handiwork, inquired if he was very busy, and suggested that I sought a sign. He was busy, fourteen signs behind on his work now, doubted if he could do it. I expressed regret, but accepted his word, preparing to depart. "See here, what kind of a sign do you want?" I told him where I lived, "on the old Kingsley place," the reason I wanted a sign, and that it need have only my name and an arrow. "How long is your name?" Fortunately, I qualified with only six letters. That wasn't much work, he commented. He might do that; but—he turned on me suddenly—where was the board? Oh, was I to provide the board? Very well. What size did he want, and what kind? He had furnished me with full directions and I was leaving to call on the carpenter when at the door he halted me. "Come in here a minute." We went into his inner sanctum. "How would this piece do?" It suited him and me exactly, and he sketched on it my name and the arrow. I was to call for the sign in two days. It was to be black with white letters. He had decided that, telling me it was the style I wanted because it was easiest to read.

On the third day I went for the sign. The moment I arrived I knew from his manner that it was not done. "The name is ——," I began. "If I had known that, the sign would be done," he remarked, quizzically. It proved that he had put the first coat of paint on the board before it occurred to him that he had failed to copy the name on a piece of paper before he painted over it. He was very apologetic. The sign would be done when I came for the next mail. He produced that afternoon a very good-looking sign, a light-gray background with black lettering, black arrow, and a narrow blue border-line. You remember he had told me it must be black with white letters. Did I show any surprise? Not at all. Did I know how much it was going to cost? Only that it "wouldn't cost much." I paid him a dollar and departed with my sign, deciding, as I contrasted our dealings with those of a similar transaction in the city, that I was really on the way to becoming a native. Most of my summer neighbors took the appearance of such a sign for granted. Not so one of my discerning friends who is farther than I along the road to becoming a native. "How did you get that sign?" he asked. I told my tale. "Well," he confessed, "I looked at that, and wondered how I should go about getting one if I needed it, and I decided I should order it some day when I was up in Boston!"

There is a story from "Punch" which represents a summer visitor as asking a "native" what they do in all the long, quiet winter. "We laugh about the funny things you people do in summer," was the quick reply. That was a clever bit of repartee, but, from my experience, not in the least true. They are far more likely to let us drop out of their lives as completely as if there had never been a summer visitation and never would be one. Winter is the time of freedom for their own social life; in summer they are too busy with us. Nor can we blame them, for, while our advent supplies needed funds, it does completely change the village life. But need it? That is my question. Need we be such outsiders? Have we not every one of us proved in some moment of naturalness and insight that we can enter simply and sincerely into the life of the communities of which we become for the time being a part?

It was a college freshman who first called my attention to the cramping limitations of the dictionary as to the genus native. Confronted by the necessity of recording the facts of her life truthfully in a "daily theme" autobiography, she wrote, "I was not born in my native place, but when I was on a visit to my grandmother." Even while we laughed, we understood and sympathized. Here was a strong soul who was not going to let a mere accident of geography, of temporary convenience, deprive her of caste in her "native" town. The world is full of shifting populations. Americanization is one of the long-syllabled problems about which we concern ourselves. Shall we not do ourselves what we are asking these others to do, and endeavor wherever we sojourn to become natives?

THE BOOK TABLE

ABOUT SUMMER READING

THE early summer weeks and the vacation days, now close upon us, always bring an appeal from publisher and book-stand to purchase "light summer reading." The vacation leisure time is certainly dedicated to enjoyment; but isn't it a mistake to suppose that pleasure in reading can be had only through foolish and vacuous fiction? And isn't it another mistake to let the choice of what we read depend on what we may chance to find on the "library" shelves of hotels and boarding-houses—for the most part discarded stories, left behind because not worth taking home? We all plan our other summer enjoyments; why not plan our summer reading also?

What enjoyment is must be a purely personal question. The automobile road book and the railway folder may be all that one man's literary taste craves; while another may beam with joy over the profoundest problems of metaphysics. Most of us, however, want human romance or adventure, comedy or tragedy, moving situation or lively incident, or rounded modeling of character. If we turn from fiction to biography, then witty anecdote or pertinent reminiscence or witty comment furnish the element of enjoyment. The two fields provide the best hunting-ground for that part of our summer enjoyment to be had from reading.

The fad for discussing best lists of ten books whose company we would most like to have on a desert island is about over. Perhaps some one will start a list of the best-balanced diet of books to take on a vacation by a person of reasonably good taste, not one who would care for "St. Elmo" even if it were new—and I saw a young lady reading it with the utmost absorption in the subway quite recently; not one whose love of plot would lead him to dote on the very latest detective story I have seen, in which an amateur detective of ducal descent bubbles with joy in getting hold of a case in which a corpse, nude except for eyeglasses, is found in a stranger's bathtub, an incident so humorous to the noble detective that he makes up comic rhymes about it; not one whose penchant for modernity in fiction insists on the depressing, sordid, and unsanitary side of life.

Rather, I have in mind a person whose appreciation of quality in writing and thoroughness in dealing with life and character would make Walpole's "The Cathedral" or Galsworthy's "Forsyte Saga" suitable for the *pièce de résistance* of the summer parcel of books, to be balanced by shorter and lighter tales of adventure and romance.

Needless to say, a vacation list should not be confined to books published day before yesterday. Vacation is a lovely time to "catch up" on books; we shall still this season see piazza readers fulfilling a deferred duty by perusing "Babbitt," and even "Main Street." Moreover, there are those who might like to see if they really could stand it to read some of the great and acclaimed masterpieces of fiction and biography and essay. Herodotus and Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," and Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth" seem about equally distant in time and equally hard to enjoy to most of our young people. One fancies that an experiment or so in the supposed arid desert of Victorian literature might be worth while.

"Well, make a list yourself," some one may say. No; not a list, but a few random suggestions, cast into a soliloquy, for which pray pardon me. Just out of a new parcel on my desk is "Amiel's Journal," brand new (that is, this edition is), compact, inviting in type and margin. I never read it, probably everybody else has; but I rather like the first phrase that strikes my eye: "The cricket is not the nightingale; why tell him so?" And I see by Mrs. Humphry Ward's Introduction that Mark Pattison, a good critic, says the "Journal" is a "precious record of a unique experience." It will take only a small corner in the trunk, let's put it in. Then, going to the other extreme, let's hunt up the dog-eared old "Maison Lévy" French edition of Dumas's Valois stories; I haven't read them for ten years, and I am always contending that they are livelier than anything Dumas ever wrote except perhaps the first of the "Three Musketeers" series. They are flexible volumes; stick them in. Then in political and journalistic biography I must certainly read H. H. Kohlsaat's "Memoirs from McKinley to Harding," just now attracting comment. One would like to compare it with Mr. Oscar Straus's "Through Four Administrations." And another new book of biography and reminiscence would be Mr. Bok's "A Man from Maine," the story of a remarkable man and a singularly forceful life—that of Mr. Cyrus Curtis. Mr. Burton J. Hendrick has just been awarded a prize for his "Life and Letters of Walter H. Page," and it continues to head the list of non-fiction best sellers. Also, harking back to the idea that there are some books that are enjoyable now even if they are not now new, one might dip with pleasure into Strachey's "Victoria," or Thayer's "John Hay," or Tallentyre's "Voltaire," or Trevelyan's "Macaulay," or Lockhart's "Scott," or Forster's "Dickens;" yes, or even egotistical old Boswell's "Johnson." But if we go on putting good biographies into our vacation trunk it will have to be of a super-expansible order.

If one is to yield to the natural urge of vacation, he will follow the lure of adventure or humor rather than that of psychology. The one striking new writer of adventure stories with a historical background is Sabatini, and, to my liking, "Scaramouche," his first romance, is also his best. Joseph Conrad's visit has brought out the fact that his recent romance "Reserve" was begun and abandoned years ago, and he jocosely defies the reader to find the "joint" where the new work begins; we may not be able to do that, but it is a ripping good tale of sea and adventure—and something more. A charming and colorful picture of mountain life is Miss Lucy Furman's "The Quare Women." Another kind of romance, "Abbé Pierre," is redolent of the charm of France in pre-war days; its admirers may not be so numerous as those of the Wild West or crime and detective yarns, but they are among those who recognize that which is delicate and gracious in spirit. A new story that I have read and recommend is "Stella Dallas," by Olive Prouty, not "highbrow" or subtle, but a moving and holding treatment of a singular social situation, one of the novels that will especially appeal to women readers.

For fun pure and simple I want to read a new book called "Strictly Business," by F. M. Howard, the author of "Happy Rascals," which came close to W. W. Jacobs's depiction of sailors' robust and irresponsible capers on shore. Booth Tarkington's new collection of short stories has some clever and amusing comedies of child life, but is of uneven quality. I confess to a liking for Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's lively and slangy stories; "Mostly Sally" is good fun. Mr. G. A. Bermingham's Irish tales and novels are excellent in their sly and restrained humor. For a delicate and elusive entertaining quality "The Enchanted April," by Elizabeth of the German Garden, is a quiet little masterpiece. Not a story, but to me the most delightfully humorous book of this season, is Edmund Lester Pearson's "Books in Black and Red," which tells with gusto of literary forgeries, quaint hoaxes, curiosities of the book world, and queer characters, prime among whom is that American eccentric, "Lord" Timothy Dexter.

These suggestions are both random and rambling. The purpose is not to get you, the reader thereof, to read this or that, but to urge you to take a little of your pre-vacation time to decide what kind of thing you would truly enjoy, and then to select accordingly. Theodore Roosevelt in one of his Outlook editorials put the true gist of the matter of listing books when he said: "There are many thousands of good books; some of them meet one man's needs, some another's; any list of such books should simply be accepted as meeting a given individual's needs under given conditions of time and surroundings."

R. D. TOWNSEND.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

PIRATE PRINCES AND YANKEE JACKS. By Daniel Henderson. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

Barbary pirates and the Yankee sailors who punished them in Decatur's day are vividly portrayed in this stirring story, in which fiction is thoroughly intermixed with fact in a way that will please boys who have a thirst for sea tales of adventure.

SCUDDERS (THE). By Irving Bacheller. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

This is rather in the "Keeping Up With Lizzie" type than in that of "The Days of Poor Richard." Mr. Bacheller scores the fads and vulgarities of the day with humor, satire, and sometimes downright scolding. The book is both pointed and amusing.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

EARLY NORTHERN PAINTERS: THEIR ART (THE). By Mrs. C. R. Peers. Illustrated. The Medici Society of America, Boston.

Based on works to be found in the National Gallery in London, this book will appeal to American readers mainly because of its careful and sympathetic description and criticism of the pictures of the early Flemish, Dutch, and German masters included, and also because of the attractive illustration of the volume.

SCIENCE

GREAT AND SMALL THINGS. By Sir Ray Lankester. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

Professor Lankester fairly illustrates the range of this miscellany of science by pointing out that it reaches "from the phagocyte to the gorilla, from the pond-snail to the Russian giant, from the facts about longevity to theories as to human progress and the cruelty of Nature." One of the most enjoyable chapters has the title "Spider-Sense and Cat-Sense," and we commend it to the wiseacres who dabble in "occultism." There is a curious pleasure in jumping lightly from one bit of popular science to another as this book does. Professor Lankester's reputation as a British scientist of high standing guarantees the accuracy of the book. The frontispiece, a portrait of "John," a young gorilla, is so pathetically ugly that it is beautiful.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

CLIMBS ON ALPINE PEAKS. By Abate Achille Ratti (Pope Pius XI). Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

People interested in mountaineering will thoroughly enjoy these accounts of Alpine climbs by the Pope, written years ago, it is true, but now for the first time translated into English. They demonstrate the courage, resourcefulness, and modesty of their august author, and, what is more, his excellent common sense in writing simply as a mountain climber, without any suggestion of his calling, about his adventures in the high Alps. The style is direct, terse, and clear.

JERSEY: AN ISLE OF ROMANCE. By Blanche B. Elliott. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $3.50.

This is not a mere book of travel giving glimpses of the famous Channel island; it will be for most readers almost an encyclopædia of facts topographical and historical, set down with the enthusiasm of a lover of the quaint people and institutions of Jersey. There are many attractive pictures.

RED MAN IN THE UNITED STATES (THE). An Intimate Study of the Social, Economic, and Religious Life of the American Indian, made under the direction of G. E. E. Lindquist. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $3.50.

This valuable volume is the result of a "survey" of the Indians of the United States during the years 1919–22. It presents reports as to the status of the Indians in every part of the country, with many photographic illustrations. The tone of the book is optimistic as to the future of the race, but its facts constitute a clarion call to friends of the Indian to continue their work for his improvement, physical, moral, and intellectual. It is interesting to note that the Indians of the United States are increasing in number and that more than half of them are citizens.

SWINGING LANTERNS. By Elizabeth Crump Enders. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.50.

An American woman's year in China is vivaciously described in this pleasantly written book. Its point of view is that of one who is greatly interested by the strange people, remarkable customs, and singular architecture of the Celestial Empire, and who is wise enough to see these things in an appreciative instead of a deprecating spirit—the only way to travel enjoyably and to understand something of an alien civilization. Many attractive photographs illustrate the volume.

WISDOM OF THE WILDERNESS. By Charles G. D. Roberts. The Macmillan Company, New York.

These stories of wild-animal life display the combination of accurate knowledge and fervid imagination characteristic of the author. The tales hold the reader's attention with a grip that is by no means lessened because of the tragical ending of many of them.

UNDERSTANDING ITALY. By Clayton Sedgwick Cooper. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York. $3.

A survey, largely economic, of Italy's present conditions. The book is written from a thoroughly sympathetic standpoint, and presents an optimistic picture of the Italian people; it includes an interesting chapter about the origin and aims of the Fascisti. The style is lively and agreeable.

MISCELLANEOUS

GLORY OF THE PHARAOHS (THE). By Arthur Weigall. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $5.

This is an excellent work from which to get in readable form a background, historical and archæological, as an aid to understanding the value and meaning of Lord Carnarvon's recent Egyptian discoveries. Mr. Weigall himself has made valuable explorations, and has been Inspector-General of Antiquities for the Egyptian Government. He has written some of the best press correspondence printed in this country about the Tutankhamen discoveries. Mr. Weigall has the rather rare faculty of writing simply and agreeably about things which might seem dull if presented by a dry-as-dust scientist.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

CHASTE DIANA (THE). By E. Barrington. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

DOBACHI. By John Ayscough. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

ECHO. By Margaret Rivers Larminie. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

FIRES OF FATE. By Wilbur Finley Fauley. The Metropolitan Book Service, New York. $1.75.

MARK GRAY'S HERITAGE. By Eliot H. Robinson. The Page Company, Boston.

MOTHERING ON PERILOUS. By Lucy Furman. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

NACHA REGULES. By Manuel Galvez. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

OUR LITTLE GIRL. By Robert A. Simon. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

POOR PINNEY. By Marian Chapman. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

ROAD TO CALVARY (THE). By Alexey Tolstoy. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

WAKE OF THE SETTING SUN (THE). By William Averill Stowell. D. Appleton & Co. $2.

BIOGRAPHY

HEROES OF THE FARTHEST NORTH AND FARTHEST SOUTH. By J. Kennedy MacLean. Illustrated. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $1.75.

MEMORIES OF MANY MEN IN MANY LANDS. By Francis E. Clark. Illustrated. The United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston. $5.

SCIENCE

YOUR HIDDEN POWERS. By James Oppenheim. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $2.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND POLITICS. By Carrie Chapman Catt and Nettie Rogers Shuler. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

WEST AND EAST. By Claire Sheridan. Illustrated. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

(Continued on page 50)

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PORTLAND, ME., Grand Trunk Station
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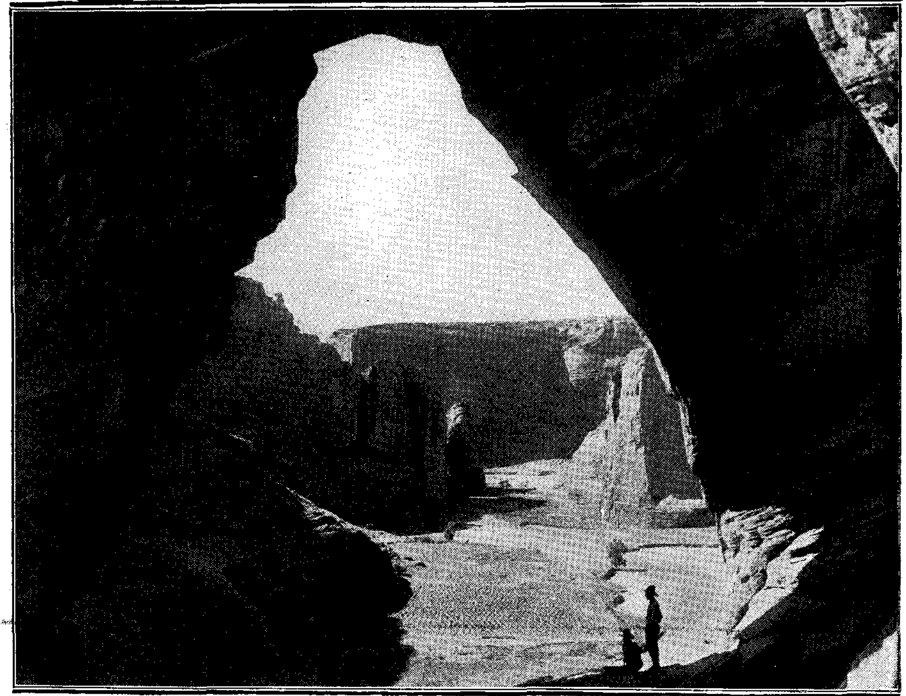

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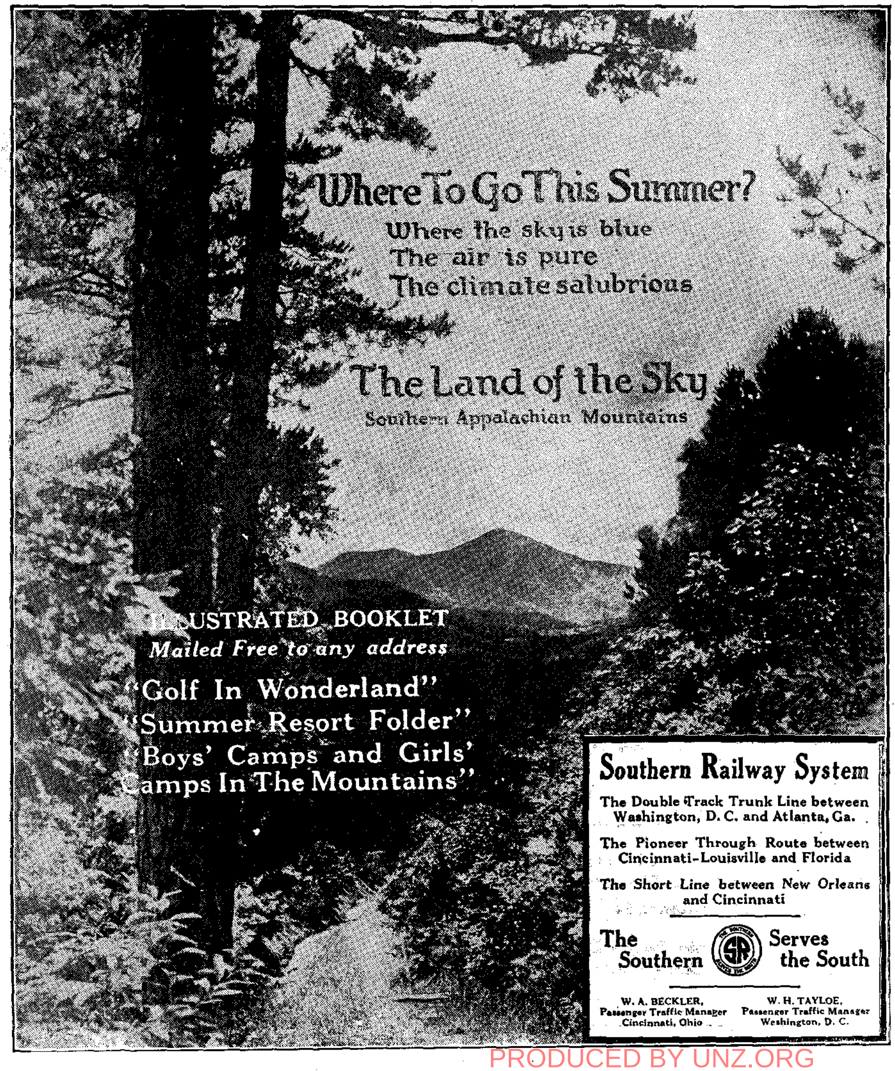

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THE BOOK TABLE (*Continued*)

POETRY

MAID OF GLOUCESTER (THE). By Henry Lane Eno. Duffield & Co., New York. $1.25.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

MAKING YOURSELF. By Orison Swett Marden. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $1.75.

MUMBO JUMBO. By Henry Clews, Jr. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

EDUCATIONAL

EDUCATION AND INDUSTRY. By Henry C. Link. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

MISCELLANEOUS

RISE AND FALL OF PROHIBITION (THE). By Charles Hanson Towne. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

NEIGHBORHOOD IN NATION BUILDING (THE). By Robert A. Woods. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

OUTLINES OF SOCIOLOGY (THE). By Edward Alsworth Ross. The Century Company, New York. $3.50.

"THE CONDITION OF THE FARMING WORLD"

THAT the condition of the farming world is of great interest to commercial and industrial life and vital to all the world is beyond question. The food question is ever before the people, and if the source from which the food is drawn be destroyed, want and starvation will look into the people's eyes. That such a condition now confronts the people of the United States few ever dream or think possible; but, instead of an impossibility, it is a sober reality. The source of food will be curtailed and gradually become less if the conditions that now confront the farmer are long to continue. The people ought to know these facts, and not to be startled some morning for want of bread. Despite all that has been done by the farm bloc in Congress and all the agitation by newspaper and magazine, the facts have not much changed. The farming world is in a pitiable and sad condition. But the world is asleep, and has failed to appreciate the facts as they are.

What, let us ask, are the facts?

The farmer is asked to produce and then to sell his grain at a price below the cost of production. It is clear and plain that this is an impossibility, and will ultimately lead to bankruptcy.

No man can produce oats and wheat and corn at current prices, and still live as a respected member of the social body. He cannot educate his children and afford them an equal opportunity with others in the race of life. He cannot employ his help on the farm at the salaries given in the several trades in cities or in large towns. It is an utter impossibility to pay one's help the prices paid in the cities surrounding him. What, let us ask, are the results? When he receives 32 cents for his oats and 95 cents for his wheat, he is left in a helpless condition. He will live as a slave, unable to buy the necessary shoes for his children and consign them to ignorance because he is too poor even to purchase the proper clothes to keep them warm.

These are not idle statements, but are an absolute true condition that confronts the farming done to-day.

The results are too evident to any one who will sit down and think. The condition of the farmers in the West is even more pitiable than in the East. Any one acquainted with the conditions surrounding the farmer in the West will well know that the political changes in the Senate and House have been due to and brought about by the farmer population, who are now gasping for breath and in danger of losing the farm they have long struggled to possess. What means the elevation of Bob La Follette to leadership in the United States Senate but the dissatisfaction of many farmers in the West? How can you explain the election of Henrik Shipstead in Minnesota upon any other ground? They have been elevated to their high positions, relegating prominent men into obscurity, because the farmer population had been surrounded with conditions that were intolerable. And the same conditions are before the farmer in the East. In the East the farmer has an advantage over his Western brother in reference to freight rates, but even with this in his favor the Eastern man is beggared and a slave to the circumstances about him.

I say that the public is unconscious of what is in store for them. They eat bread, without realizing where the bread comes from and how it is produced; they drink milk, never dreaming that the farmer who produced it is becoming impoverished. I live in one of the finest farming sections in the East, and I know whereof I speak. I say that, if present conditions are not changed, next year will see such an unheaval among the farmer population as to startle the dwellers in every city and every large town. They will awake to the fact that the source from which their food has come has been destroyed by the discriminations brought against the farmer.

I was recently talking to a classmate of mine who had inherited a 200-acre farm, and he told me that he was without a farmer to till the soil. And I talked to a prominent druggist in the town of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and he told me that his beautiful farm at Bonnybrook was without a farmer; and he then declared that, as he could not get a farmer, he would have the different fields cultivated by farmers who were already on farms. Multiply these instances, and you have a correct picture of the condition of agriculture in the East.

Unless conditions change next spring will witness the exodus of the tenants from many farms, and they will not be tilled, not because the farmers have lost an interest in the soil, but because they cannot make a living. And many farms that were bought in war times at high prices will be lost to their owners, unable to make payments against them.

If these are the conditions in the beautiful Cumberland Valley in Pennsylvania with the best limestone soil in the world, what shall we say of the farms with poorer soil to till?

There is but one answer, and that will be that the food supply will be so decreased that the dwellers in the cities will go hungry, or that the price will be so high as to be beyond the ability of the many poor to buy.

But the American farmer does not ask for exorbitant prices; he is only asking for a fair price for his products. And if the American public will not give it to him there is only one other alternative, and that will be the destruction of the great farmer class, because they cannot make a living.

Why should wages in the different trades be upon a war-time basis and the farmer on his knees, receiving less for his products than they cost to produce? If these conditions continue, next summer will see such a mighty revolution that it will open the long-closed eyes of the public.

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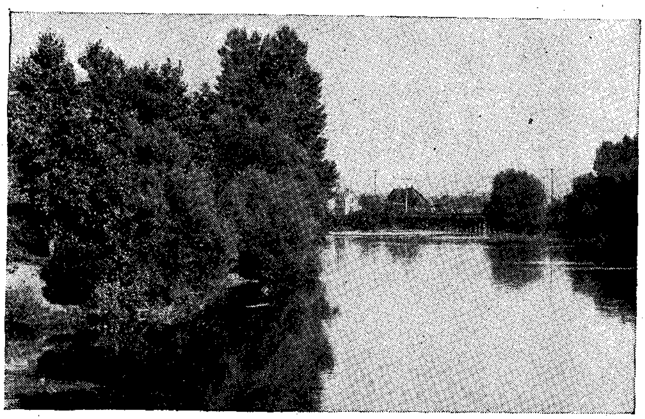

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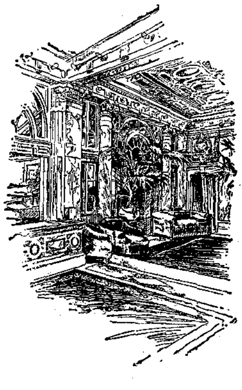

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"THE CONDITIONS OF THE FARMING WORLD" (*Continued*)

forcing him into a position where he cannot live, and the public will then "have killed the goose that laid the golden egg."

(Dr.) F. L. BERGSTRESSER.
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

ENGLISH SPORTS

BY ROBERT M. FIELD

THE peaceful invasion of the United States by Oxford's relay team has quickened the interest of the American public in the system of athletics which prevails in English universities. My own interest in English athletics first came when I read the qualifications of a Rhodes Scholar. It was only after I had taken up my residence at Oxford, however, that I gained first-hand information on the subject.

From the day I landed I was chided about the anomalous character of athletics in democratic America. Tales of professionalism, high-priced coaches, and throngs of non-participating spectators had reached England, so the men in my college were eager to have fresh and detailed information about our system. I pictured the situation as best I could, and my British friends condemned our system as the most autocratic and indefensible of which they knew. They particularly marveled at the thought of sixty or seventy thousand rabid fans crowding into a stadium to watch twenty-two men compete for a championship. Rooting was a deep mystery to them, for they know not the antics and contortions of a tumbling cheer leader.

Their indictment whetted my curiosity to know something about the English system. Upon investigation, I found that they have none. But there are sports, and plenty of them. The most fastidious may be satisfied. You can choose anything from ping-pong to polo. One American hailing from New York and California maintained a stable of Texas ponies and played the latter game. The essential and obvious thing is that every one plays something. From two o'clock to five in the afternoon the colleges are deserted while the young Englishmen indulge in rowing, cricket, and rugby. Yet there is no suggestion of compulsion about gymnasium work for freshmen and sophomores; there are no medical examinations; no assignments to classes for corrective training. It would nevertheless be literally impossible for any Oxford man to avoid the playing fields. An active and compelling public opinion cultivated through the centuries leads everybody out of doors promptly after luncheon.

There is no athletic director in Oxford; no athletic council; no budget. The college—the University of Oxford is composed of twenty or more distinct and separate colleges—is the unit of organization in athletics, as it is in well-nigh every other line of student activity. The contests are almost wholly intramural. There is no patriotic slogan of "Beat Cambridge." Winning is not the sole consideration for which Oxford men play. A desire for exercise and fellowship draws them to the fields. More than that, there is little or no training in the American sense. I have talked with Oxford Blues (a Blue is the athletic award), and find them unwilling to make a business of training. If you should suggest to an Englishman that he give up smoking during the training season, he would reply: "I have no training season; but, even if I did, I wouldn't desert my pipe." A very significant result of their attitude toward rigorous training is the continued good health of English athletes throughout their lives. Athletic heart is seldom developed, and the hardest trainer in English athletics has no fear of suddenly dropping dead.

I have made the point that every one plays some game at Oxford, and it is substantiated by facts. Either at rowing (it is the chief sport and enjoys a popularity in England similar to that of football in America), cricket (the English baseball), rugby, polo, soccer, tennis, lacrosse, swimming, or golf the mass of the Oxford undergraduates are engaged. The dons—faculty men—are out too; generally at tennis or golf, but not infrequently mixing in rugby, soccer, and cricket. From such a sketch one might well conclude that Oxford had attained the ideal of every one playing and no one watching.

It has been stated that there is no director, no paid coaches, no budget. That is a matter of pride to Englishmen. The Honorable President and Honorable Secretary serve as coaches, although occasionally an old man will return, not so much to coach, as to lend encouragement by his presence. Thus sports play no disproportionate part in Oxford life, nor do they take an undue part of student finances. I showed the student budget of a typical American university to an Englishman. Of the total sum, over seventy per cent went to sports, seventeen per cent to college publications, three per cent to music. He studied the figures, and then wanted to know if American college life were seventy per cent athletic, seventeen per cent literary, and three per cent musical. I curtly answered that the students decreed it. His rejoinder was, "It is a pity."

Whether their system—or, more properly speaking, the lack of one—be right or wrong, it cannot be denied that Englishmen have no athletic problem such as stalks through the American college, largely, I believe, because English sports are simply managed, inexpensively maintained, and universally enjoyed.

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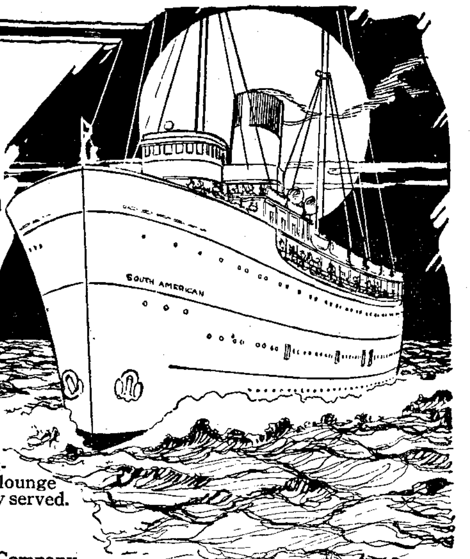

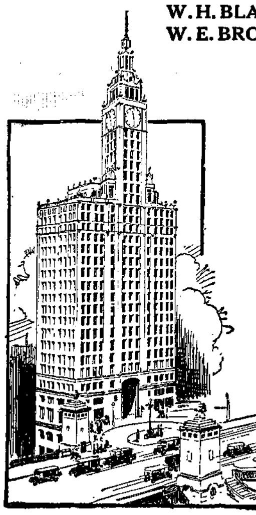

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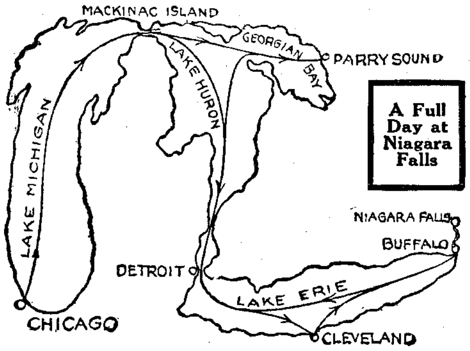

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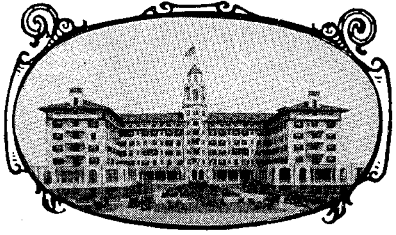

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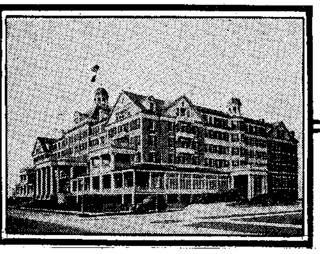

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

"BROKER"

THE OUTLOOK has received from one of its friends the letter printed herewith:

"Did you ever notice how many things seem to happen to 'brokers'—in the newspaper headlines? The indiscriminate use of this term appears to be growing. When a man is caught in some compromising position or becomes involved in some doubtful transaction, and his business connections are vague, he is almost invariably characterized as a 'broker.'

"This works a real hardship to a worthy and important class of business and to a reputable class of business men. Can't something be done to minimize or abolish it?

"Now, I know there are real estate brokers, and insurance brokers, and brokers in every kind of commodity and service, *ad infinitum*. And I admit that anybody who brings buyer and seller together comes within the dictionary definition of a broker.

"But to the public—the great unthinking public—'bro

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ker' means a 'Wall Street stock broker.' Every time they read a headline such as 'Broker Caught in Apartment Raid' the impression is created anew that 'Wall Street' and all its works are rotten.

"It may be that the news item explains later that the 'broker' was an insurance broker or an automobile-tire broker, but a very large proportion of newspaper readers merely skim the headlines of the general news, and the impression remains even in the case of more careful readers. And why 'broker' at all? It is really no more characteristic than 'retailer' or 'jobber,' and these terms are seldom, if ever, used.

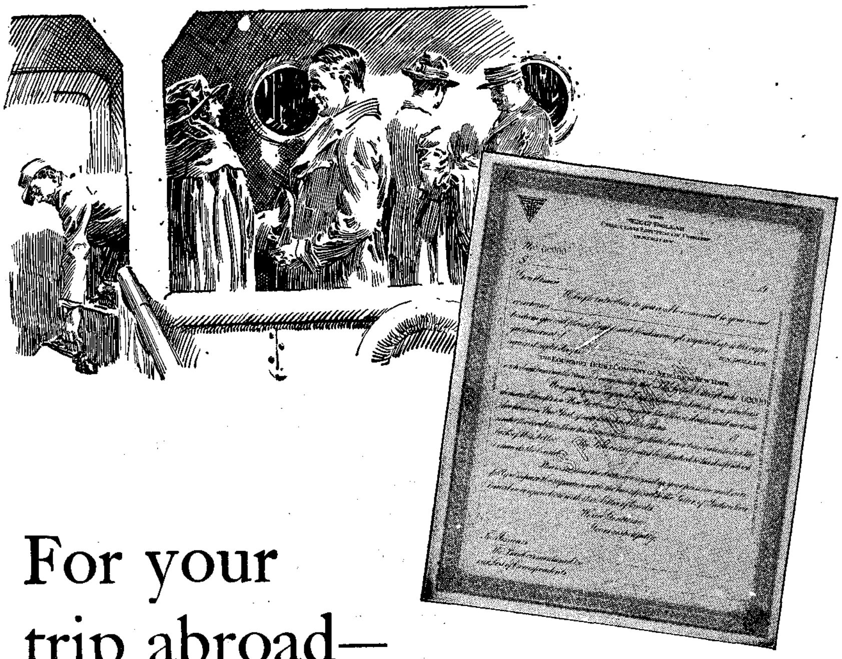
"Of course stock brokers do get into trouble. There can be no quarrel with recording such facts when they do occur. The unfair situation is created by loading upon the shoulders of stock brokers the misdeeds of every other kind of broker. Technically the headline writer may be correct; practically he commits a serious injustice and an economic crime, for public good will is fickle and must be courted. Destroy confidence in a few of those in any line of business, and all the others become objects of suspicion.

"Unfortunately, the security business has always attracted large numbers of disreputable camp followers. That is why no other line of business gives so much publicity to the exposure of frauds and crooks in its field. There are just as many proportionately in other lines—see the records of the National Credit Men's Association—but Wall Street washes its dirty linen in public. It naturally has become legitimate prey for every self-seeking politician and demagogue in the country.

"And so arises the popular clamor against 'Wall Street'—based on widespread and incredible ignorance of its real functions and essential service to all business, but fed and fostered and maintained by continuous misrepresentation and calumny.

"Of course the newspapers would not intentionally harm a reputable and vital part of our business fabric. But this indiscriminate use of the word 'broker' is distinctly harmful, and it is none the less resented by stock brokers because it is unintentional."

The point is well made. We believe it is a fact that the term "broker" is almost always taken by the public to mean a man who buys and sells stocks in Wall Street, the term by which New York's financial district is universally known. Now Wall Street is not only the financial center of the United States, but since the war is regarded by many as the leading financial district of the whole world. In either case it enjoys—or at least it cannot escape—unusual prominence, and what takes place in Wall Street is news. The editors of our newspapers appre-



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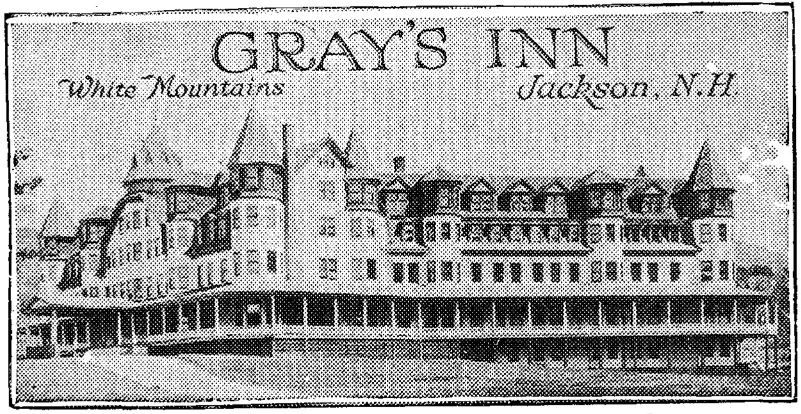

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT
(*Continued*)

ciate this fact and capitalize it. Wall Street is to our business life what the "Four Hundred" is to society, and as most people relish a story, a scandal particularly, about a member of the so-called Four Hundred, so there is also tremendous news value in anything reflecting discredit upon any one prominent in Wall Street. It seems to us that this fact being consciously or unconsciously present in the mind of the editor or headline writer, he uses the term "broker" because it is a word certain to attract the eye and challenge attention. We do not pretend to say that this is done maliciously. Rather, it seems to us, it is done unthinkingly.

There are nearly eleven hundred members of the New York Stock Exchange, and in order to become a member of the board a man must have more than the purchase price of a seat to recommend him. He must be well sponsored by responsible persons, and great care is used in an effort to keep out any one who does not have the sense of responsibility which the governors of the Exchange consider a member should possess. And when any member abuses his privileges he is quickly and summarily dealt with. Human nature being what it is, there are almost certain to be occasional lapses among any group of over a thousand individuals, but we venture to say that there are as few among members of the New York Stock Exchange as in any other similar body of equal size. Perhaps it is for this very reason that lapses when they do occur are seized upon with such avidity.

In addition to the members of the Exchange there are thousands of employees in the various brokerage and banking houses, there are the members of the Consolidated Exchange and the Curb Market and all their employees. If anything happens to any one of them, he immediately becomes a "broker," and once again Wall Street is under suspicion. The banks and their multitude of employees in the financial district are also frequently called brokers. If a banker becomes involved in domestic difficulties, his Wall Street affiliations usually occupy as much space in the accounts as the real cause of his prominence, and the impression is created that if he had not been a "Wall Street man" it never would have happened.

It is of course true, as our correspondent states, that stock brokers do get into trouble, and he is correct when he says that they are not entitled to protection. But it is wrong, as all fair-minded people must agree, to condemn a community for the misdeeds of a few individuals or to impute to a community misdeeds which are connected with it in no way whatsoever.

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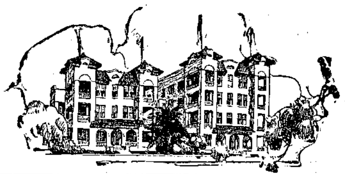
THERE has been an unusual delay in the decision as to the winners in The Outlook's prize contest for the best letter answering the question "What Books Mean to Me." As we have said before, the remarkably even quality of the letters submitted makes a choice very difficult. The wide distribution of the replies to The Outlook's question and the quantity is indicated by the following table showing the geographical distribution of letters. Every State in the Union but two is represented:

CONTEST LETTERS

New York	325	Oklahoma	19
New Jersey	159	Tennessee	18
Pennsylvania	136	Kentucky	17
Massachusetts	129	Vermont	16
Ohio	124	Alabama	14
California	102	Georgia	12
Illinois	92	South Carolina	12
Michigan	67	Oregon	12
Connecticut	58	Florida	12
Maine	54	Rhode Island	10
Indiana	53	Montana	8
Minnesota	52	North Dakota	8
West Virginia	50	Utah	8
Wisconsin	41	Arizona	7
Iowa	40	Washington	7
District of Columbia	38	Delaware	6
Colorado	37	Idaho	6
Texas	33	Arkansas	5
Missouri	29	New Mexico	5
Virginia	29	Louisiana	4
Maryland	26	Mississippi	4
New Hampshire	25	Wyoming	3
North Carolina	24	Virgin Islands	1
Canada	24	England	1
Nebraska	23	Ireland	1
Kansas	21	Honolulu	1



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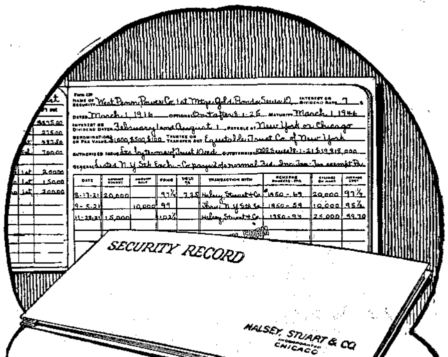

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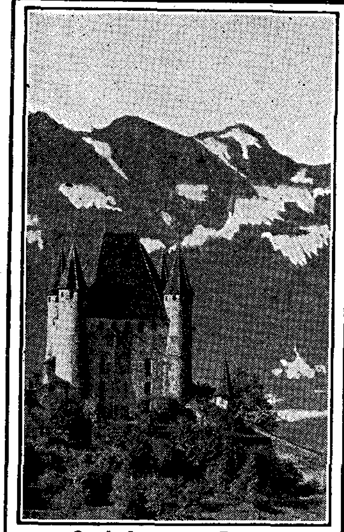

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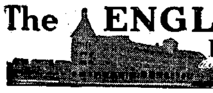

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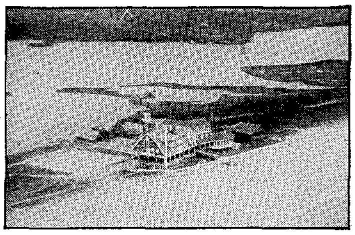

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A Quiet Country Home
In the foothills of the Green Mts.
Address G. W. Powers, Athens, Vt. Via Cambridgeport railroad station, Bellows Falls, Vt.

CHESTER, Vt. "The Maples." Delightful summer home. Cheerful, large, airy rooms, pure water, bath, hot and cold; broad piazza, croquet, fine roads. Terms reasonable. Refs. exchanged. THE MISSES SARGEANT.

CAUGHNAWAGA **A farm in the GREEN MTS.**
Beautiful location, excellent table. $15.
Mrs. ERNEST HITCHCOCK, Pittsford, Vt.

WYOMING

Vacation on a real Stock Ranch
THE SIXTEEN-BAR-ONE TRAPPER LODGE

Horseback riding, fishing, detached sleeping cabins, tennis. Our ranch also supplies our table. Make reservations now with W. H. Wyman & Son, **Shell,** Big Horn Co., **Wyo. N.B. Trapper Lodge** maintains a complete **Mountain-top Camp** in connection.

Real Estate

CANADA

For Rent Big Gooseberry Island, Chester, Nova Scotia. Island—60 acres, ½ mile from mainland; furnished cottage; ten bedrooms, plumbing, five open fireplaces; fine woods, tennis court, good wharf, three bathing beaches, sailboats, power-boat, rowboats, canoe, good condition. Kitchen garden; fishing, excellent sailing and bathing. Further particulars apply to 9,821, Outlook.

CONNECTICUT

At Darien, Conn.

Quaint old New England farmhouse, with large central hall, living and dining rooms, library, two fireplaces, swinging crane, Dutch oven and numerous small cupboards, kitchen, laundry, two attractive porches, four master bedrooms, two baths, maid's room, lavatory and seat, hot-water heat. Two acres, lawn, shrubbery, fine old trees. Small brook. Price $18,000. Within one mile to station.

Old Colonial house of nine rooms and bath, fireplaces, and old oven, hot-air heat, large barn. Six acres with large shade and fruit trees, running brook; about one-half mile to station. Price $25,000.

Write or telephone Darien 13.
Mrs. C. R. WRIGHT.

OLD LYME, CONN. At historic Old Lyme there are several interesting properties for sale. A dignified post-colonial house, beautifully situated on the "Street;" a handsome and *well-preserved house of great archi*tectural interest built in 1765; a recently remodeled farmhouse of 11 rooms and 3 bathrooms, opposite golf links; many small acreages and bits of countryside in and near Lyme. Houses for rent by the season and by the year. Charles R. Noyes, Black Hall, Conn.

Sachem Head, Conn. *For sale,* 7-room cottage, directly on water-front. Beautiful location. To settle estate. R. S. Bidwell, Windsor Locks, Conn.

MAINE

For Rent **ON GREAT POND, Belgrade Lakes, Maine**
Two furnished, housekeeping bungalows, with garage. Seven rooms, two baths; and eight rooms, two sleeping-porches, three baths. Electric lights, wood for fireplaces, ice and rowboat. For further particulars address Camp Runoia, Belgrade Lakes, Maine.

APPALACHEE—Boothbay Harbor, Me.
FOR RENT—Small bungalow, with bath, on lovely fresh water lake, 300 feet from ocean. Woods, water, seclusion. **Apply to F. O. GROVER, Oberlin, O.**

Camden, Me. *For Rent.* *Fully fur*nished, attractive seashore cottages. Some choice locations available. $500 to $900. Photos, plans, etc. J. R. Prescott, Newtonville, Mass.

ISLESFORD **Little Cranberry Island**
Opp. SEAL HARBOR, ME. **To let for the summer;** house fully furnished; 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Driven wells. Views of Mt. Desert Range and ocean. Apply to
V. Y. B., 506 Beacon St., Boston.

On Blue Hill Bay, Maine Opposite Mount Desert.
Small cottage, seven rooms, modern plumbing. Garage. Rent $200 for season. Richard Boardman, 217 E. 48th St., New York City.

OWLS HEAD ME.
RENT FOR SEASON. 8-room cottage, garage, and 2-room bungalow cottage, on 3-acre point of land—ocean on both sides—no other houses on point. 4 miles from Rockland. Address E. K. GOULD, Esq., Rockland, Me.

PEMAQUID, ME.
NEAR PORTLAND.
For Sale or To Let
The finest estate on the coast of Maine. 300 acres. The large colonial home, furnished, and grounds will be let separate from the farm if desired. Also an 8-room cottage with garage to let. Ocean view, fine harbor and drives. W. G. Tibbetts, Pemaquid Harbor, Me.

ROBINHOOD, ME. **For Sale or To Rent.**
Large, well-built, furnished Colonial house, store, other buildings and steamboat wharf. 7-acre tract almost surrounded by water. Ideal summer location. 8 miles by road and steamer from **Bath.** Purchaser would receive 5% on investment from present rentals. Write for photographs and particulars. S. M. NEFF, 19 Clarks Hill Ave., Stamford, Conn.

MASSACHUSETTS

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
Furnished house and 1-car garage from June 1 to Oct 1. Rent $300 for season. Large yard with shade. 5 blocks from Harvard University. Living-room, library, dining-room, kitchen and 2 pantries, 4 bedrooms, sewing-room, bath and lavatory. Basement laundry and toilet.
MRS. THOMAS SMITH,
307 Harvard St., Cambridge, Mass.

NANTUCKET, MASS. **Furnished Cottage**
Ten rooms. Ocean frontage. $350 season. R. E. FARRIER, 487 So. Salina St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Real Estate

MASSACHUSETTS

Nantucket Fine old furnished house for season. 9 rooms, bath, gas, fireplaces, Also attractive 5-room furnished cottage, same improvements. 127 Main St., Nantucket.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

White Mts. Sugar Hill, N. H. For sale, rent, or exchange. Cottage, furnished. About 20 acres. Wm. E. Satchell, Owner, 211 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

WONALANCET, N. H.

Cottages to rent for the season
Apply to ARTHUR T. WALDEN

IF YOU WANT ATTRACTIVE CAMP, Lake Winnepesaukee, near Wolfeboro. 11-room cottage, large garage, boathouse, boats, canoe, shuffleboard; electricity, toilets, bath, laundry. Best sandy beach. Write Rev. Dr. Higgons, Cynwyd, Pa.

LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE BUNGALOW. $150 for all summer, with boat; furnished; wide piazzas; splendid fishing, sandy beach, near station and store. Owner, Box 1344, Boston.

Owner leaving for Europe will sell at sacrifice attractive stucco house on beautiful grounds in Newport, N. H. 14 rooms, all modern improvements; beautiful mountain view. Within a mile from depot, best markets and golf links. Renting may be considered. Address Owner, 9,883, Outlook.

NEW JERSEY

For rent, season June 1–Oct. 1. Very attractively furnished 8-room house. Garage. Reasonable rent. Excellent commutation, particularly accessible to Columbia University. Telephone Hackensack 651 W. Address Mrs. Robert Nutt, 267 Union St., Hackensack, N.J.

For rent or sale, Monmouth Beach, N.J. Delightful cottage, fully furnished. 3 baths, 5 master bedrooms, 4 maids' bedrooms, electric light, hardwood floors. Near station. E. F. Harper, 143 E. 63d St., N.Y.C. (Rhinelander 7886.)

FOR RENT SEASON JUNE 1 TO OCTOBER 1. Seven-room furnished English stucco house. Garage, garden, attractive surroundings, easy commutation, River Edge, N.J. Telephone Stuyvesant 6171, address Mrs. C. R. Place, 35 Fifth Ave., New York City.

NEW YORK

Adirondacks. For rent, fully furnished rooms in cottage; electric lights, open fireplace, private bath, large piazza, quiet location, near Beaver and Francis Lakes, Number 4, N. Y. Address OREN G. FENTON.

Adirondack Summer Home for rent or sale. Large, beautiful cottage. Wonderful view. Modern and comfortably furnished. 8 master bedrooms, 3 baths and shower. Private garage. Ice and wood furnished. Servants' quarters. For price and further details write to E. M. CRAWFORD, Keene Valley, N. Y.

"ADIRONDACKS" COTTAGES

For Sale or To Rent.
Also Camp Sites For Sale.
W. H. Otis, Keene Valley, N.Y. Phone 14F14.

Adirondacks, Auger Lake, Fordway Camps. New, attractive furnished bungalows for Gentiles, 3, 4, and 5 rooms. Boating, bathing, fishing. $150 to $250 per season, including rowboat, ice, and firewood for fireplace. MACE & NICOLLS, Keeseville, N. Y.

ATTRACTIVE BUNGALOW

FOR RENT FOR SUMMER MONTHS

Located directly on Trout Lake, three miles from Bolton Landing, Lake George. Entirely new. Built by present owner, who will rent for the entire season at moderate rental. **Completely furnished throughout. Five rooms (three bedrooms) and bath. Kitchen with running water. Ice, wood, and rowboat included.**
For full particulars address 9,067, Outlook.

Attractive Furnished Cottages. On Cayuga Lake, near Cayuga, N. Y. $150 to $300 per season. Excellent boating, bathing, fishing. Convenient for supplies. H. COWING, 3814 Prospect, Cleveland, Ohio.

FOR SALE 130-Acre Farm, woodland, brook, spring water piped in house, all improvements. 6-room tenant house. Price $15,000. Mrs. J. L. WYCKOFF, Copake Falls, N. Y.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN Shore front camp for rent, furnished. Magnificent lake and mountain view. Sand beach for children. 7 rooms and bath. Rental $375. For floor plans, etc., address C. H. Easton, Box 1, Scarborough, N.Y.

Lake Luzerne, between Saratoga and Lake George. Two furnished cottages for rent, seven and eight large rooms. Electricity, water, bath and two toilets in each. Apply Mrs. John M. Berry, 35 Elk St., Albany, N.Y.

For Rent, furnished house, in Flushing. Eleven rooms, four baths, hardwood floors, gas and electricity, garden, heated three-car garage. Adjoins Old Country Club. Telephone to Flushing 2246, or write Mitchell, 207 Whitestone Ave., Flushing, L. I.

To rent for season near Saratoga

Attractive five-room furnished home. Open country, trout brooks. Apply to Eldridge Smith, R. F. D. 5, Ballston Spa, N.Y.

Real Estate

NEW YORK

FOR SALE
At Lake George, N. Y.

Estate known as "Overlook," on the east shore of Lake George, opposite Tea Island and about one mile from the Fort William Henry Hotel. A magnificent, substantial mansion of about twenty rooms, surrounded by an extensive lawn well shaded by a variety of large trees. The house contains nine good-sized bedrooms, four bathrooms, large drawing-room and dining-room, and is finished in natural wood, has hardwood floors, electric lights and modern plumbing. There is a wealth of veranda. The premises front on both lake and main road. There is a good landing-place with well-built covered dock and bathing beach, boathouse, garage, fireproof shop and icehouse filled. The house is beautifully furnished, containing piano, billiard table, etc., and is ready to move into. Immediate possession can be given. Price complete $35,000. Address ADAMSON & BAYLE COMPANY, Glens Falls, N. Y.

THINK AHEAD

In good times this tract of 115 acres will increase tremendously in value. A mile by State Road to Yorktown Station and overlooking the new Mohansic Reservation and a village on route to new Hudson River Bridge.

In bad times it will give you a fine living. It was selected as the beau ideal for scientific farming by a practical man with fifteen years' acquaintance with such farming in England and Germany. His widow now lists it at less than cost and at a price much less than was repeatedly offered in times past. A Title Company mortgage of $12,000. She asks $19,500.

EDWARD M. WEST, Inc.
Offices Closed Sundays
WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.
Opposite Station **Phones 2767-2768**

For Rent—July and August Furnished house, White Plains, N. Y. 38 mins. to Grand Central. Excellent commuting. 3 bedrooms and maid's room. Open fireplace, piazzas, gas, electricity, garage, pleasant grounds. Reasonable rent. References required. Inquire of F. F. BRANDT, 4 Howard Ave., White Plains, N. Y.

VERMONT

Lake Champlain Shore Property
CAMPS FARMS ESTATES
Mrs. W. RAMSAY SMITH
The Bittersweet Real Estate Agency
Burlington, Vt.

Summer Home, Furnished In Southern Vermont Elevation 1,700 ft. Beautiful woodland and mountain scenery, bathing brook, berries, good soil for vegetables, water in house, cool spring near by. Railroad 8 miles, village 2 miles; good neighbors. Delightful situation for people of quiet tastes having a small car. Rental for season $300. Mr. R. CALLENDER, 4429 Baltimore Ave., Philadelphia.

SUMMER HOME OR HUNTING CAMP

Charming mountain camp, southern Vermont, near the Massachusetts border. 16 acres wooded, trout brook, waterfall, orchard; remodeled farmhouse, comfortable and convenient. For sale, furnished, for less than $2,000. Bargain.
MAINE LAKES AND COAST COMPANY
10 Longfellow Square, Portland, Maine

Lake Champlain SOUTH HERO. Vermont

Three furnished cottages, 7 and 8 rooms, in private camp. Beautiful grove, high bluff, running water, fireplaces, artesian well, ice, tennis, safe shore. Rental $175 and $200. June 30 to Sept. 1. For particulars write
PHILIP A. SWARTZ
232 Laburnum Crescent, Rochester, N. Y.

Woodstock, Vermont

For sale, attractive summer or all year estate, 1½ miles from Woodstock P. O. Remodeled farmhouse, complete repair. Fireplace, furnace and hot-water heat, modern conveniences with shower, spring water, screened sleeping-porch. Ample outbuildings for stable and automobiles. Address HAROLD S. DANA, Woodstock, Vermont.

BOARD AND ROOMS

BERKSHIRES—Wanted, six or eight paying guests in modern farmhouse. No other boarders. Service, excellent cuisine, tennis, bathing. Box 121, Great Barrington, Mass.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES MANUSCRIPTS

OUTLOOK. Complete set bound volumes. 1889 to 1916. For sale. 443, Newtown, Conn.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

SHEEPMAN desires to correspond with party willing to invest ten thousand dollars in developing sheep project with exceptional possibilities. Address J. E. McLaughlin, Westfall, Malheur Co., Ore.

STATIONERY

UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid $1.50. Samples on request. You can buy cheaper stationery, but do you want to? Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite 5842, Washington, D. C.

BECOME a landscape architect and tree expert! Fascinating outdoor profession. You can earn $5,000 yearly when proficient. Learn in spare time through interesting methods. Many openings. Free particulars. Landscapers, 427-r Union League Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED, nurse for three young children. Address, with references, Mrs. Anderson McLeod, 449 State St., Albany, N. Y.

MOTHER'S helper wanted: cheerful young woman of refinement with experience in the training of children to assist mother of four. Location, suburban New York. Engagement to begin either June or September. 3,723, Outlook.

WANTED—Neat, ambitious American girl (about eighteen) for mother's helper. Good home near Boston. No heavy work asked. Mrs. Dunn, 27 Livermore Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

YOUNG woman to assist hostess in vacation home for adults by reading to guests and organizing walks and recreation. Attractive surroundings. Good board and expenses in exchange for services. Address 3,777, Outlook.

WANTED, September 1, an assistant superintendent of small children's home, to succeed to the superintendency after a few months' residence. Must have had some experience in institutional work and be capable of carrying out ideals of well established institution. Apply to Mrs. C. A. Richmond, Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

REFINED, cultured young woman, age 26, trained nurse, college graduate, senior medical student, desires position as nurse-companion. Will travel. References exchanged. 3,733, Outlook.

NURSE, trained all branches of profession, will give services, exchange for fare to England. Return if necessary. 3,755, Outlook.

GRADUATE nurse desires position at summer camp. Excellent references. Address A. S., 423 Ashland Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Business Situations

YOUNG woman of executive ability and business experience desires clerical or secretarial position in school for next season. References. 3,783, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

TRAVELING companion. College man wishes to travel abroad as companion during summer in return for expenses; can drive car; will tutor if required. Address 3,447, Outlook.

CULTURED young woman, Michigan graduate, desires position as companion. Prefers to travel. 3,680, Outlook.

YOUNG lady, educated, desires position lady's companion or small child's companion-governess. References. 3,789, Outlook.

THREE Wisconsin University women desire positions at resort, camp, or as governesses. References. 3,754, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED Swedish woman wishes position as managing housekeeper. Trustworthy, capable, refined. Highest recommendations. Miss Otterberg, 6 Spruce St., Princeton, N. J. Phone Princeton 493-J.

CULTURED, modest nurse, experienced traveler, useful companion. Quality references. 699, Outlook.

PRINCETON graduate, '23, desires position as traveling companion and tutor to youngster going abroad this summer. Experience with boys. Expenses and modest salary. Best references. 3,764, Outlook.

COLLEGE SENIOR desires summer position as chauffeur, tutor, or both. Massachusetts driver's license. Address Box 302, Williamstown, Mass.

HOUSEKEEPER, working, French, experienced, best references. Small apartment, one person. 3,765, Outlook.

FRENCH young lady, refinement and culture, unusual qualifications and references, desires engagement, now or later, as secretary, housekeeper, or companion to motherless child. 3,768, Outlook.

FRENCH lady seeks post in New York family for month of June. Highest references. 3,766, Outlook.

YOUNG lady, 25, cultured, business training, will act as social secretary, companion. Will travel. References. 3,750, Outlook.

TRAINED attendant, well educated, capable, willing, desires position as companion or attendant to invalid going to the mountains or country for summer. 3,751, Outlook.

WANTED, for the autumn, position as housemother in private school by especially qualified woman. Fond of children, experienced in character building. Competent to supervise practice at piano. Best references. 3,752, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

EXPENSES only for chaperoning several girls indefinite stay Paris and European tour. Cultured young woman, year's residence Paris, experienced conductor European tours. 3,757, Outlook.

LADY of culture, linguist, musician, seeks summer position as chaperon or companion. 3,759, Outlook.

COMPANION — Cultured young lady, knowledge French, music, social and secretarial duties; can assume responsibility; capable in many ways, willing; good traveler; experience. Best references. 3,775, Outlook.

CULTURED college girl, experienced traveler, accomplished musician, secretarial training, athletic, will accompany children to summer camp or as companion to elderly lady. References exchanged. 3,778, Outlook.

WOMAN graduate student, leaving New York after June 6, will accompany invalid or children to Kansas City, Omaha, or St. Paul, or would drive car in exchange for expenses. 3,785, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN: SECRETARY, housekeeper, or companion; capable, experienced, accustomed to children. References given and required. 3,786, Outlook.

WANTED, in private family for the summer months, position of responsibility, preferably with children, by a capable, trustworthy, and refined woman. References. 3,780, Outlook.

YOUNG woman desires position as matron in school for next season. Has had similar experience, also business experience. References. 3,784, Outlook.

MARRIED man (no children) desires position as superintendent of a boys' or old men's home. Best of references furnished. 3,782, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TEACHER, college graduate, desires position as tutor-companion-governess. Experienced. References. Free June 19. Will travel for expenses only. 3,603, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED teacher piano and French (Swiss) would accept position for summer, in private family as governess for several children. Small remuneration expected, but best references exchanged. 3,729, Outlook.

PRINCETON graduate, '22, wishes to travel abroad as tutor or companion in return for expenses and small salary. Drives car. Wide experience with children. Best references. 3,747, Outlook.

PHYSICAL director, wife registered nurse, desires camp position this summer. 3,749, Outlook.

COLLEGE-BRED WOMAN of fifty desires a position as governess or housekeeper. References. 3,758, Outlook.

YOUNG lady as tutor or care of children for summer. Teacher. Good references. 3,756, Outlook.

WANTED—Summer position by experienced Smith College graduate as councilor, tutor, or companion to young girl. 3,788, Outlook.

COLLEGE entrance mathematics, experienced and successful tutor—boys or girls—wishes spend summer seaside or mountains. Highest credentials. References exchanged. 3,760, Outlook.

COLLEGE student, young man, wants summer work directing athletics for young boys or tutoring for college entrance. Best references. Address 3,761, Outlook.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY INSTRUCTOR wishes summer position, tutoring or secretarial. 3,770, Outlook.

SPEECH defects—Teacher of speech correction in public schools will take position in home of private pupil during summer months. 3,769, Outlook.

GOVERNESS, companion. Business girl, 25, desires position to go abroad summer months, children or lady. Phone Sterling 8539 or write Whitelocke, 63 Herkimer St., Brooklyn. References.

TEACHER, kindergarten, wishes position as companion or governess for summer months. 3,776, Outlook.

EXPENSES only—Teacher wishes position as governess to young children. Available July and August. Chicago references. 3,779, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as nursery governess for the summer months. Capable, refined, able to take entire charge. References. 3,781, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

SHOPPING made a pleasure by New York shopper offering services free. References. Miss Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

HOME school for children summer months. Berkshire foothills. Music, art, dancing, outdoor activity, tutoring. 3,309, Outlook.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

SUMMER HOME with supervision, Hewlett School for girls, Hewlett, Long Island, twenty miles from New York.

COLLEGE girl with camping experience will take charge of four children at her country home during summer. Tutoring, nature study, gardening. High ground, spring water. Address 3,771, Outlook.

Low Summer Fares

CHICAGO AND NORTH WESTERN LINE

Tickets on sale daily

Chicago to San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, Portland, Tacoma, and Seattle and Return

Tickets on sale daily commencing June 1, 1923

Chicago to Denver, Colorado Springs, Salt Lake City, Lander and Casper and Return

The National Parks, the Black Hills and many other Western scenic localities.

Favorable stopover privileges. Liberal return limits. Wide choice of routes. Fast, spendidly equipped through trains leave Chicago at convenient hours daily.

The Best of Everything

Ask for booklet "Forty Ways and More to California and North Coast" and other descriptive folders.

C. A. CAIRNS
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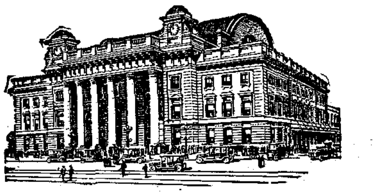
226 W. Jackson St., Chicago



Chicago Passenger Terminal 537

Where Shall We Go for Our Vacation?

This question is now being asked in American homes all over our land.

The Outlook has undertaken in this issue to help its readers find the most satisfactory answer.

Summer tours and summer resorts in wide variety are advertised in this annual vacation number. Here will be found suggested trips in every direction and to meet the requirements of varying tastes and pocketbooks.

We hope that our readers will avail themselves of the many suggestions for planning their trips contained in this issue.

STOCKING AMERICA WITH PEOPLE

A GREAT many people throughout the Middle West are much in sympathy with the attitude of The Outlook on the immigration question, and I am very glad to be one of that number.

Since sailing vessels were large enough to carry live stock in any quantity, America has received from Europe only the best she has produced; male or female of any species of animal life, or vegetable either, for the matter of that. Practically every animal had a score of prize-winning ribbons before having left the old country. From the year 1885 up to the present the majority of the immigrants coming to the United States were diametrically opposite to this, as judged by American standards.

With no chance of special selection in perfecting the human race under a republican or democratic government, this great influx of inferior human beings is bound to be very distressing in the wind-up. All other problems, political or economic, are purely transitory and can be solved in a generation, but the introducing of inferior blood either in the human or in live stock cannot be bred out absolutely in a hundred generations. A herd of pure-bred cattle that have been mixed thoroughly with even pure-breds of other breeds cannot with the greatest of care in special selection be made absolutely pure again. There will always be that fraction of impure blood to overcome, no matter how infinitesimal it may become.

I notice the government statistics show that almost all the northern races have *not* filled their quota under the recent three per cent law. Now, if that is the case and continues to be so, we might amend the Contract Labor Law or whatever it is called so that individuals or companies can bring in under contract individuals until the quota of each country is filled. This in itself would insure a little better type of man or woman coming to this country, as the private individual or corporation would be rather careful in selection, as it would be more than probable that the fare of the immigrant would have to be paid in advance. What a boon this would be to the housekeeper! Hundreds of women would bring home domestic servants of a very high order. Merchants and manufacturers traveling through the northern countries of Europe would bring back a large number of trained workers.

For instance, I am going to Scotland next year, and if it were possible I would certainly bring home a couple of good farmers with their families, as I have two openings on stock farms for this class; and I know dozens of others would do the same. Not alone among Scotch farmers, but English, Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, Irishmen, and Hollanders. Many a German and Welsh miner would find his way into the mines of this country, which would be a wholesome leaven in the loaf of the mining class we have to-day.

JOHN S. TOUGH.

Kansas City, Missouri.

COME TO MINNESOTA

"The Land of Sky Blue Waters"

"America's Finest Summer Recreationland"

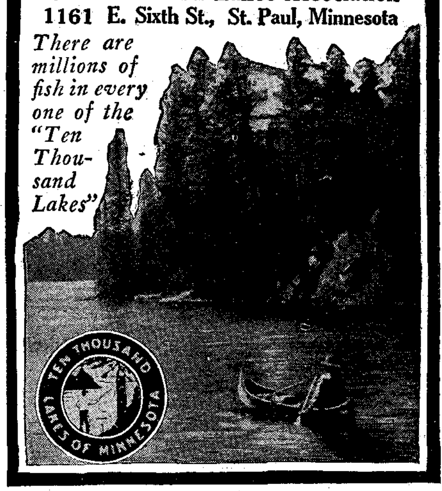
Here nature has created a summer playground with surpassing natural advantages—to these are added man-made comforts not the least of which are **over 1600 summer hotels and camps.** Matchless facilities for every summer pastime.

Many millions of dollars have been and are being spent by the State on **good roads**—broad highways throughout the State lead to the famed "Ten Thousand Lakes."

You are assured that no matter what your means or taste you will find a hotel or stopping place to suit your purse and requirements; you can camp on the broad highway if you wish—and thousands do—without paying a penny to anybody.

Minnesota bids you come. Get free particulars first if you wish. Address,

Ten Thousand Lakes Association
1161 E. Sixth St., St. Paul, Minnesota


There are millions of fish in every one of the "Ten Thousand Lakes"
TEN THOUSAND LAKES OF MINNESOTA

HERE'S A GOOD CANDIDATE FOR THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

I WISH to congratulate you upon the publication of the article in your issue of April 25 relative to destruction of fish in the rivers due to poisoning of the waters.

I spent the early years of my life on the Ohio River between Wheeling and Pittsburgh, and visit there frequently during the summer months.

I have learned from a reliable source that the fish have been almost exterminated, due to the causes mentioned in the article you publish.

I was told that when the excess sewage from the factories entered the river several years ago the river literally gave up its dead fish by tons upon tons.

I express the hope that this will be corrected and the streams again be filled with fish.

U. GRANT JOHNSTON.

Saybrook, Illinois.

BY THE WAY

"What did Mr. Conrad say when he was asked which is his favorite book?" "He said, 'It depends on the day.'"

"And so," observes Christopher Morley in the Bowling Green (why add, "of the New York 'Evening Post'"?), "it went down in at least one avid note-book, and eventually appeared (in the New York 'Times,' to my delight) that Mr. Conrad's best-loved work is *'It Depends on the Day.'*"

From "Life:"

Enthusiast—"She's a past mistress of *legato.*" Dowager—"Dear me, those fickle Italians!"

Captain Cook's diary of his first voyage to the South Sea Islands was recently bought at an auction sale in London by the Australian Government for the sum of $25,000. This was the voyage during which the explorer landed on the southeast coast of Australia and christened it New South Wales. The great island-continent had, however, been visited by Portuguese and Dutch navigators over a hundred years before Cook's visit.

Accompanying a messenger who was carrying supplies to an American relief unit in the interior of Anatolia, Melville Chater had an adventurous journey through the land of Kaikobad the Great, now the "Kemalist country," and tells about it in the "National Geographic Magazine." At their journey's end the two men found an order from the Turkish military authorities forbidding them to return through this disturbed region. Fortunately, a Pasha's car broke down and they were called in as expert mechanics to repair it. Being men of wit and resource, they did this so effectually that it went entirely out of commission! The Pasha was then forced to accept an invitation to return to the travelers' starting-point in their motor truck, and with their august guest giving the countersign they speedily passed all sentries and joyfully returned to civilization.

A nine-year-old city boy making his first visit to the country, a subscriber reports, watched with great interest his friend, the proverbial farmer, milking a cow. "Albert," the farmer asked, "do you think you could do this?" "I think I could turn it on," Albert replied, "but I don't understand how you cut it off!"

Sir Percy Scott, the British gunnery expert, recently asked some posers of the girls in a London high school. For instance, he questioned, how many of them could read a gas or electric light meter, recharge an electric cell, replace a cut-out wire, tell what a drain-trap is, or what they

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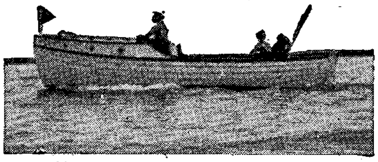

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BY THE WAY (*Continued*)

would do if the home radiators became cold? Also how many knew the difference between a screw-driver and a corkscrew? As corkscrews haven't "gone out" in Great Britain, the last question may seem superfluous, but it was intended, Sir Percy said, to test their knowledge of elementary carpentry. On these practical matters of home management, he said, the housewives of to-day are usually ignorant, but they ought to be well informed as to all of them.

A queer bargain is advertised in a New Haven paper, as reported by a subscriber. The offer reads:

> A Family Monument. Will take equity in a late model Ford car, also have tablets and markers all ready to place; a bargain. Address ——, etc.

Invention ought to be organized instead of being left to chance, E. V. Lucas says in the London "Sphere." Inventors might go through the house, he adds, examining every object to see where it might be improved. Among things we need, Mr. Lucas mentions: a means by which pictures might automatically and unalterably hang straight; a system of stamping letters without having to buy stamps; a fuel that "shall consume its own dirt and make none." "For such a boon [as the last] I would cheerfully barter all the advantage I ever expect to receive from broadcasting!" Mr. Lucas exclaims. Yet invention of simple things is by no means easy, the critic concludes, for he admits that the only thing he himself ever invented was a contrivance which enables him to rest his ear against a telephone receiver without holding it, thus leaving his hands free.

"The other night I had a rendezvous with death, but I didn't keep it, old top—I didn't keep it," says an ex-drinker as reported by Jack O'Donnell in "Collier's." "How come?" asked Jack, who has been investigating bootlegging and finds a growing sentiment against it. "Well, feeling the need of a little nightcap," was the reply, "I bought a bottle of 'good stuff' from the clerk at my hotel. I took it to my room, pulled the cork, and was about to let a good stiff jolt of the stuff trickle down to my toes when something prompted me to investigate its purity. I took it to a friend of mine and had it analyzed. Result: it registered wood alcohol. From now on, old-timer, I'm going to stand on my hind legs and yell, 'Down with bootleg whisky;' and by 'down' I mean down the sewer."

From "Klod Hans," of Copenhagen:
At the Intelligence Office. Lady—"I want a maid who is honest, sober, attentive, and polite."
Proprietor—"You'd better hire four, madam."